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JANUARY 23, 1981

OLAND'S
Lech Walesa
—see page 32

NATIONAL REVIEW

MR E ROY SMITH
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THE BROWNING OF DETROIT

(And What Reagan Can Do About It)

RICHARD M. LANGWORTH

A Short History of Enterprise Zones—The Birth and Death of a Brilliant Idea *MADSEN PIRIE*

Also In This Issue: JOHN LUKACS ON EVELYN WAUGH'S LETTERS ♦ ELLEN WILSON ON MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE ♦ BEN MARTIN REVIEWS J. B. KELLY'S ARABIA, THE GULF, AND THE WEST

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Working Smarter

A new buzz-word is coming into vogue among people concerned about America's economic decline. The word is *reindustrialization* — as in "the reindustrialization of America." It bespeaks the need to revitalize the economy and reverse America's slide into an economic second-rater.

The marks of malaise are all around — unemployment lines, declining living standards, entire industries in trouble, whopping foreign trade deficits. Small wonder there's so much attention being focused on ways to reindustrialize America and get our economy back on a growth track. "Even the trendy set in economic policy has sensed that something is wrong in the American economy," says one economist.

One of the main things wrong is the stunting of productivity. Productivity, or output per employee, is a key measure of economic health. When productivity grows, so does the economy in real terms, raising people's living standards. When it declines, real economic growth slows and stagnates. Increased productivity also yields resources to meet public needs, such as reducing poverty and improving environmental quality.

America traditionally has led the world in overall productivity. It still does. But other countries are catching up. If current trends continue, Japan and West Germany can be expected to surpass us during this decade. Among the non-communist industrialized nations, the U.S. lags at the bottom in productivity growth. The grim results are higher prices, unemployment, lower real pay, and a blunting of U.S. competitiveness in world markets.

American productivity actually declined in 1979 for only the second time in the last three decades. It grew at about 3% a year during the 1950s and 1960s, then slumped to less than half that rate during the '70s. Had we maintained the 3% rate during the last decade, real U.S. output would now be about $400 billion higher. Personal income would be up about $4,000 per household.

Raising productivity doesn't mean working harder. It means working *smarter*. And this demands large doses of the twin I's — investment and innovation.

More money has to be channeled into capital investment for the modern plants and machines that enable people to work more efficiently and productively. Research and development must be stepped up in the quest for new technologies and innovative ways of doing things.

Whatever has happened to Yankee ingenuity, anyway? The number of U.S. patents issued to Americans has fallen 25% since 1971 while the number issued to foreigners has risen 14%. About 40% of the patents now issued by the U.S. go to people from other countries. America's most formidable foreign competitors, Japan and West Germany, outperform us both in capital investment and research and development measured as a percentage of total national output.

The reindustrialization of America must start with recognition that invigorating our productivity is a top imperative.

Policies and programs are needed to expand saving and investment, stimulate technological advances, enhance the climate for risk-taking and innovation, encourage adequate corporate profits, and ease the tax and regulatory burdens that undercut business' ability to create, compete, and produce.

Nothing less than a rebuilding of the nation's productive might is required if America is to regain its economic health.

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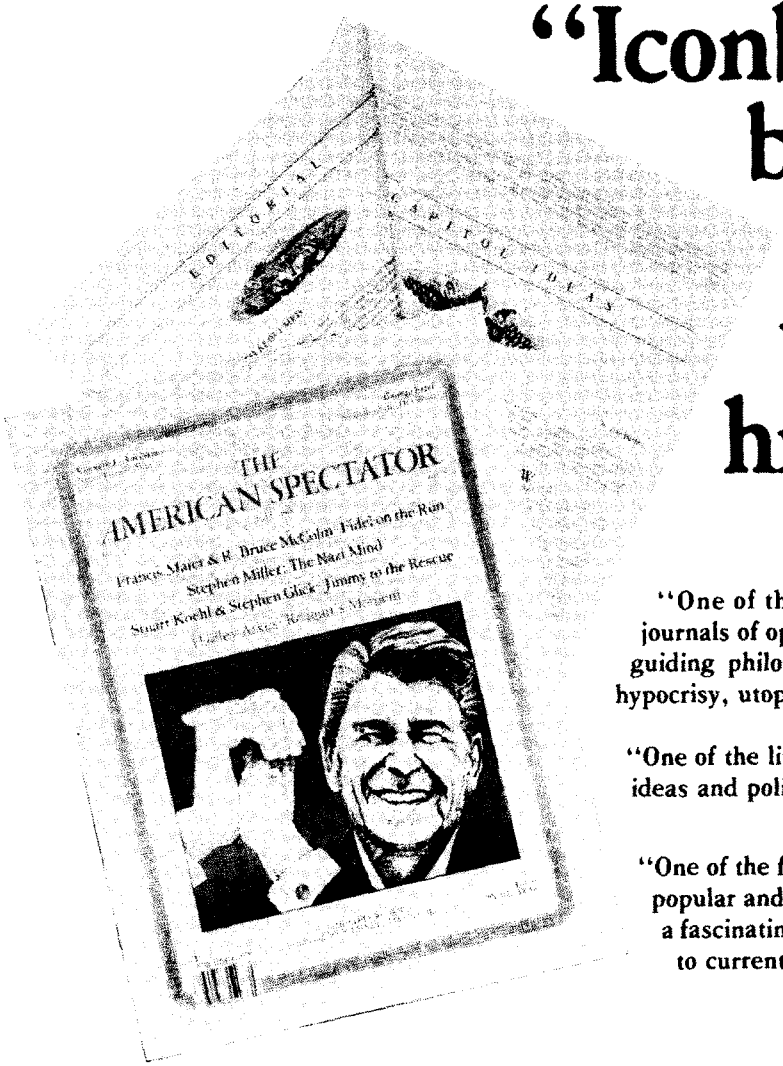
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Is there a Ford in your future? If it's a Fairmont, it may cost you $10,000 by 1985. For that you can thank federal regulation. But President Reagan and the new Congress can do something about it, and help revive our ailing auto industry to boot. A four-point program. *Richard M. Langworth*

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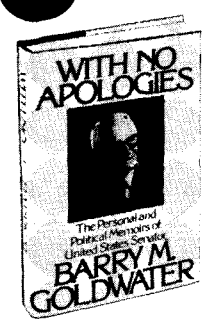

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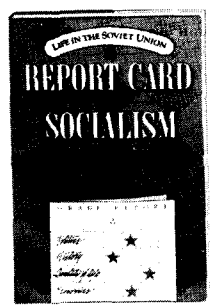

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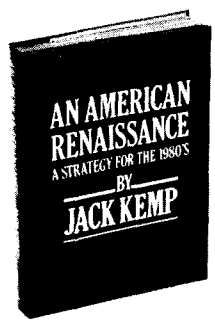

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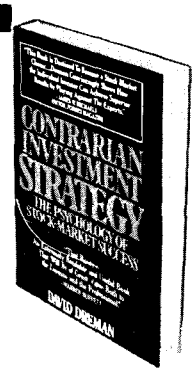

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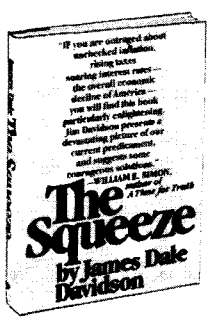

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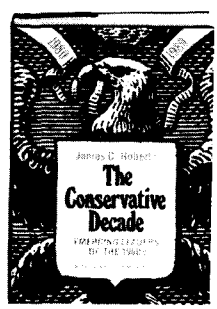

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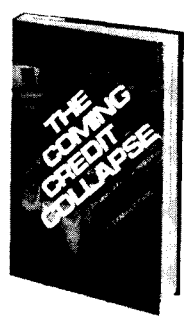

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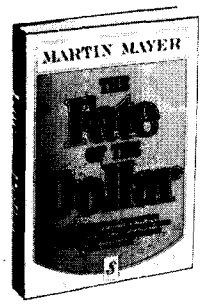

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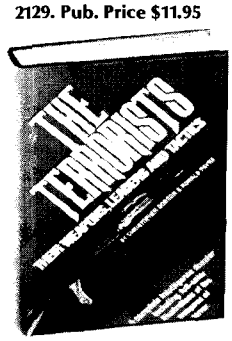

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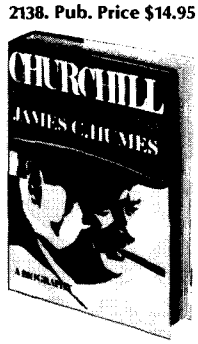

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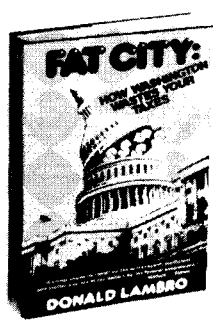

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Letters

Congratulations!

Mary Swift read to me over the phone the note inviting me to *NR*'s 25th birthday party. When I heard the number 25, I told Mrs. Swift it must be a mistake. I know for a fact that *NR* could not have started more than ten or 12 years ago. My memory of that event is much too vivid. Besides, it isn't kind to go about telling people that a quarter of a century has passed without their noticing it.

Seriously, I was startled more than I can say to realize that *NR*'s silver anniversary is coming up. It must be a deep source of satisfaction to you [WFB] not only to have nurtured a magazine that long and watched it prosper, but also to have witnessed the wide acceptance of so many of your ideas by so many people. Though it makes me groan to say it, the results of the recent elections serve as a mighty capstone for your anniversary.

I will be 2,500 miles away at the time and unable to provide the personal touch with my congratulations. Just know that I am one of many who believe that NATIONAL REVIEW's contribution to conservative thought in this country has been a significant and verifiable part of the history of the times. You have imparted knowledgeable and responsible ideas and energy to the development of contemporary American political thought.

Having survived to see the fiftieth birthday of *Saturday Review*, my fondest wish for you is to see the same with *NR*—minus, of course, the little earthquakes and vicissitudes we have experienced along the way.

Norman Cousins
New York, N.Y.

Back Home

How I remember my own introduction to *NR* some 15 years ago. I could hardly wait for the high-school librarian to put the latest issue on the shelf every other week. But that was nothing compared to my reading of every back issue of *NR* on file in my high-school library.

So while I may only have been reading *NR* for the last 15 years, I feel in a way that I have grown up with it. It is only natural that I should want to wish a very happy birthday to an old friend.

Donald E. Fraher
Washington, D.C.

Pure Gold

ALL OF US WHO REJOICE IN THE ASCENDANCY OF CONSERVATISM SALUTE THE INSPIRATION WHICH GAVE US NATIONAL REVIEW, AND THE DEDICATED STAFF WHO SUFFERED THE SLINGS AND ARROWS OF MANY HOSTI YEARS TO MAINTAIN IT IN EXISTENCE.

THAT RONALD REAGAN PREPARES TOD FOR HIS GREATEST ROLE AS PRESIDENT, LIEU OF RETIRED RANCHER, IS DUE IN SMALL MEASURE TO HIS CAREFUL STUDY ISSUES AND ANSWERS CONTAINED IN AN O GOING SCRIPT CRAFTED BY NATIONAL R VIEW. TO UNKNOWNS LIKE ME, NATION. REVIEW HAS BEEN A CONSTANT SOURCE NOURISHMENT WITHOUT WHICH I SHOUI HAVE LONG AGO PERISHED OF MALNUTR TION. IT MAY BE NATIONAL REVIEW'S SILVI ANNIVERSARY, BUT THE MAGAZINE IS PUI GOLD.

B. F. Smi
Atherton, Cal

Forgive me for not being able to mal the 25th anniversary of the *Review*. I ha run completely out of vitality; was ente taining a head cold about to break int fever; and could see myself coughin blowing, and spreading my germs a through the festivity.

I was one of the original subscribe to the *Review*. I was there at the tent anniversary when Barry Goldwater spok I was there at the twentieth; and mour that I couldn't make the 25th and partak in the triumph of a cause that *NR* helpe nurse into being.

I hope to be around, tottering on n cane, for the 35th, 45th, and whatever ai niversaries lie beyond.

Theodore H. Whit
New York, N.

Too Bad

Congratulations on NATIONAL REVIEW birthday and solace on Jim Buckley's de feat. Both the periodical and the indivic ual have my admiration and respect. Th *Review* is a valuable institution and Jir Buckley was, and I hope some day agai will be, a valuable senator. I'll settle an time—indeed, count it a considerabl gain—for having someone of high inte ligence and character occupy a public o fice. Ideology (I wonder whether yo agree with this) is a distant second in ou nation's polity.

Cyrus Remba
New York, N.Y

I happen to be the world's number one expert on how not to stage a banquet. When I was a 15-buck-a-week reporter in Chicago before World War I, so we'd have a square meal now and then, Ben Hecht and I shared the banquet assignment. It was then I discovered that most of them are painful because they are put

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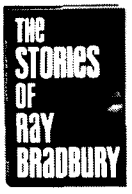

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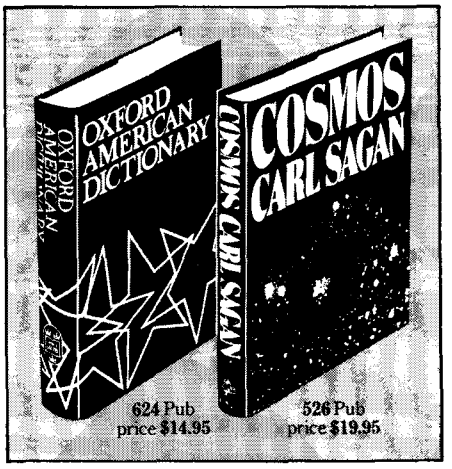

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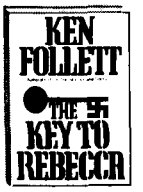

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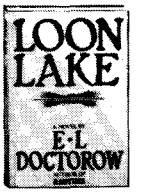

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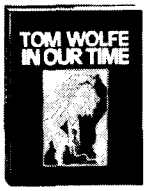

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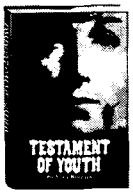

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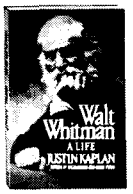

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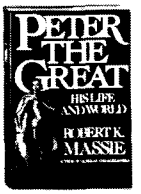

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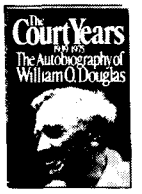

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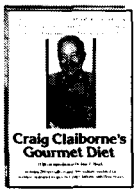

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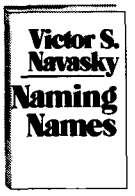

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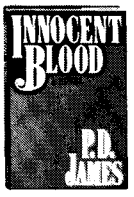

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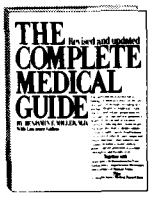

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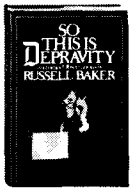

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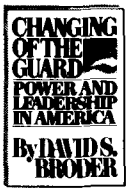

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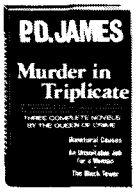

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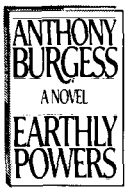

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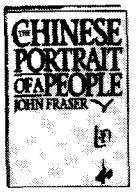

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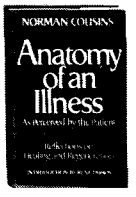

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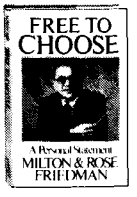

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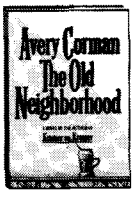

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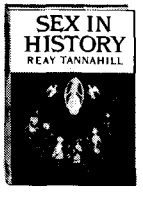

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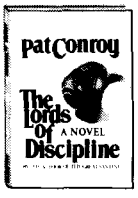

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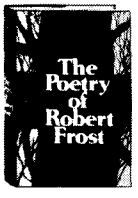

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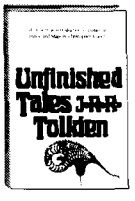

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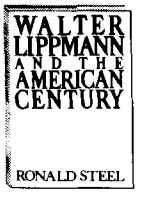

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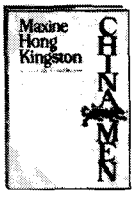

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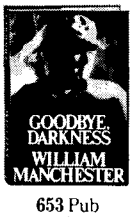

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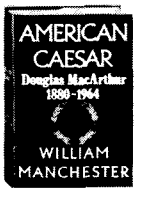

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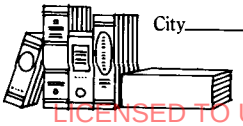

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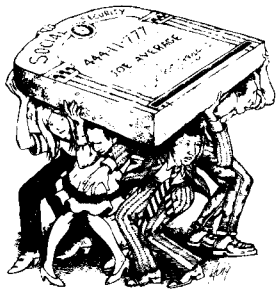

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BY PETER J. FERRARA

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on by amateurs who lack the talent of a Belasco or a George Abbott.

Yours was superb—music, speeches, the meal, and our table companions just right—and a big hug by Clare Luce, ah, that helped! Many thanks.

Lowell Thomas
New York, N.Y.

Tribute to Burnham

I have gone to all the anniversaries and this was distinctly the most glamorous and successful. Reagan had been elected even if he wasn't at the party. My mind went back to the 1970 anniversary when we were celebrating the election of Jim Buckley. That was a very happy occasion, too, but it was not of national dimension and did not attract the distinguished guests who actually came to this one. As a long-time admirer of Jim Burnham, I was glad to see him get recognition, especially before such an audience. The atmosphere has certainly changed from the days when we were a small band of true believers. Unfortunately one reason for the change is the enormous advances made by the Soviet Union—not too cheerful an event.

At any rate it was a magnificent occasion and it was exciting to be there.

C. Dickerman Williams
New York, N.Y.

Mainstream

Heartiest congratulations and all good wishes. The mainstream has come to you.

Raoul Berger
Concord, Mass.

Jeff Hart's Point

I thought Jeffrey Hart made a good point at the anniversary dinner when he argued that the triumph of conservatism poses a lot of journalistic problems similar to those which some of us encountered in the Eisenhower years. It was much more difficult to make sense then than when Give-'em-Hell Harry or President Johnson was in command.

John Davenport
Middletown, N.J.

Brevity

What a joyous evening it was! Every talk was informative and interesting and—what is very much to the point for a public gathering—they were not too long.

Lawrence Fertig
New York, N.Y.

Russell Kirk

It was a lonely life for conservatives before NATIONAL REVIEW. Conservative periodicals did not exist. Conservative books were rare. I remember the joy I experienced when I discovered Russell Kirk's *The Conservative Mind*. It was the first book I purchased after my return from Korea in 1953. WFB's books and columns,

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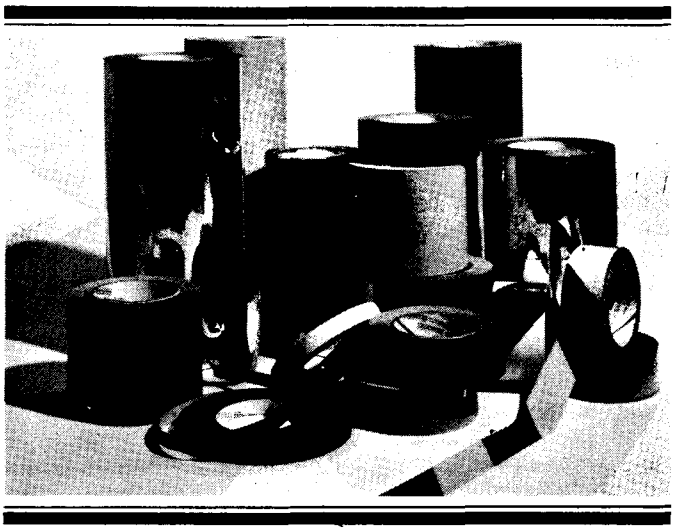

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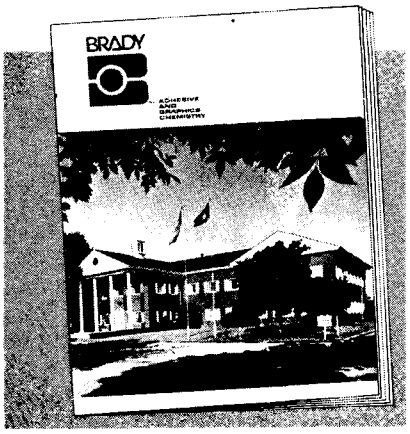

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and NATIONAL REVIEW, have been a cor stant source of inspiration and succor t me and all conservatives.

Charles W. O'Conno
New Haven, Con

What's Ahead?

It was a glorious affair. In listening to Bi Buckley's speech, however, I felt that h wasn't optimistic about the future. Fo my part, I think the conservatives' euphc ria is excessive. I strongly suspect that th changes in Washington won't be as sub stantial as we hoped, that the old crow will find ways of hanging on, and that w will be in an adversary role. Perhaps I ar unduly gloomy. It may be, I realize, tha after so many years of fighting uphill bat tles, I can't adjust to even a small taste o success.

Anthony Harriga
Washington, D.C

Tureck & Wellstood

What a splendid occasion your celebra tion dinner was! Not having been to a pre vious one, I was quite taken aback by it lavishness—unto the presence of that ex quisite interpreter of the ultimate Bach and a jazz pianist so phenomenal that i was not quite sacrilege to hear him on th same program. The speeches were splen did too, as one would expect from sucl accomplished performers.

It was, incidentally, very pleasant to re new acquaintance with so many olc friends, including the great Jim Burnhan himself. And I wish you longevity as wel as success, so that the fiftieth anniversar shall also call for celebration.

Brian Crozie
London, Englanc

Heaven!

Since I usually have to rationalize trips away from children, home, and office for my middle-class Irish-Italian, traditional-libertarian, Stop ERA-feminist conscience, I thank NATIONAL REVIEW for having birthdays. I feel as though I've been a month in Europe and have come home refreshed instead of exhausted. First a smashing election and then a celebration, and so many friends, it must be a peek at heaven!

Anne Edwards
Washington, D.C.

Yes, It's Hard

I chose you [WFB] to write to because you accomplished something special. I hope to receive a letter and a picture for my album. I am nine years old.

Congratulations for starting a magazine that you believed in and keeping it going until its 25th birthday! You've helped peo-ple to think for three hundred months. Is it a hard job?

Diana Kalny
Valley Stream, N.Y.

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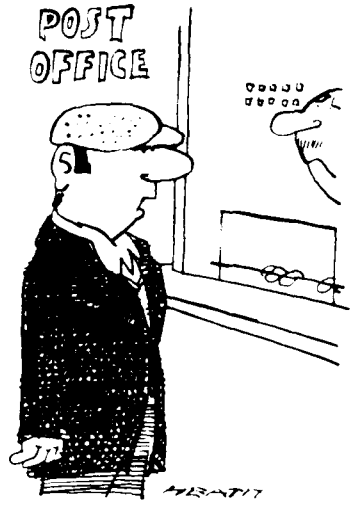
FOR THE RECORD

l Shifting winds: In the 97th Con-ess, five of the six Republican lead-s in the Senate come from west of the lississippi, a total eclipse of the once ominant **Rockefeller** wing of the par-. (The sixth: Majority Leader **How-rd Baker** of Tennessee.) . . . A Jan-ary ADA rating of the 96th Congress ows the three most consistently left-t Republican senators, **Lowell Weick-r** (Conn.), **Charles Mathias** (Md.), and **ohn Chafee** (R.I.), coming in with ame 72 per cent ranking as Democrats **loynihan** (N.Y.)—he knows better—nd **Williams** and **Bradley** (N.J.). Only epublican to get ADA gold-star zero as ! * * * **Barry Goldwater** * * * ! with **ordon Humphrey** (N.H.) and **John ower** (Tex.) in hot pursuit at 6 per ent. . . . Another gauge: the Committee or the Survival of a Free Congress has ent questionnaires to the 18 incoming enators, estimates on the basis of their nswers that the **Class of '81** is 71.1 per ent conservative as against a 38.6 con-ervative record for the senators they re replacing. . . . This is the first Sen-te the GOP has controlled in 26 years; he only sitting Republican senator ever o have chaired a committee before is **trom Thurmond**—who was a Demo-rat at the time. . . . In the House, 39 Democrats have set up a **Conservative Democratic Forum** to put pressure on he leadership. That pressure is work-ng. Speaker **Tip O'Neill** has just ap-ointed three of them to key commit-ees: **Kent Hance** (Tex.), Ways and Means; **Wes Watkins** (Okla.), Appro-riations; **Phil Gramm** (Tex.), Budget.

■ Attempted nailing of Gen. **Haig** for Watergate connections never got off he ground after first flurries. Liberal Sen. **Joseph Biden** (Del.) of Foreign Relations Committee said, before hear-ngs started, "The only issue that doesn't concern me is Watergate." Biden was more interested in U.S.-USSR SALT talks, he said. Sen. **Christopher Dodd**, junior Democrat on Foreign Relations, was uninterested. "I've never been a Watergate junkie," said Dodd. Unlike his Connecticut colleague Weicker, Dodd confined questions to foreign-policy matters. . . . Looking ahead: Before **Jerry Brown** can make another presidential bid, says Federal Election Commission, he will have to pay back to the FEC $72,000 for undocumented expenditures as well as having overdrawn matching funds in last year's endeavor. . . . Rep. **Charles Rangel** (D., N.Y.), former head of the Black Caucus, knows where he's putting his money in '84: on **Fritz Mondale**. "**Carter** is through," he says; "**Kennedy** doesn't have it." . . . In California, liberal Republican Rep. **Paul McCloskey** is getting ready for a run for Sen. **Hayakawa**'s seat in 1982, never mind that Republican Hayakawa denies he's retiring. . . . Retired Sen. **Gaylord Nelson** has landed job as head of 45,000-member Wilderness Society, from which platform he is fulminating against Sec. of Interior-designate **James Watt**, whose nomination is "a disaster."



Heath, *Punch* Rothco

"What's the very latest date for letter bombs?"

■ What do people think as we ring in the new? According to **Gallup**, 62 per cent of Americans think there will be increased respect for the U.S. abroad under a **Reagan** Administration; 52 per cent believe Reagan will be able to reduce the size of the Federal Government. . . . A late *Los Angeles Times* poll shows 75 per cent against **busing** to 18 per cent in favor, and 52 per cent against **homosexual "rights"** to 36 per cent for. . . . Sen. **Paul Tsongas** (D., Mass.), who has done some serious thinking about where the Democratic Party is going, remarks: "We've spent the last forty or fifty years worrying about the distribution of golden eggs. Now it's time to worry about the health of the goose." . . . President **Douglas Fraser** of the United Auto Workers, looking at expected cutbacks in OSHA's powers and regulations, is not surprised: "What the hell," he says, "we [labor] lost the election." Correction: Labor *leaders* lost the election: 49 per cent of union members voted for Carter, only 2 per cent more than the 47 per cent who threw off leadership traces to vote for Reagan.

■ Former Sen. **Eugene McCarthy** has published Ten Commandments for New Legislators in *Washington Post*, among them: 1) "Vote against anything introduced with a 're' in it (reform, reorganization, recodification). This usually means going back to something that failed once and is likely to do so again." And 7) "Never be the only one to be right on an issue that will not go away. It is difficult to say to fellow members of Congress. 'I'm sorry I was right. Please forgive me.' They won't."

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THE WEEK

■ The political mind at work. Senator Tsongas (D., Mass.) was asked on a radio talk show how, in good conscience, he could have unseated the only black in the Senate (Ed Brooke). Tsongas: "Well, you know, I've answered that question so many times during the past three years that I have trouble separating fact from fiction in my own mind."

■ SIGN OF THE TIMES: The *Washington Post* has given a front-page lead, continued inside for more than a full page, to a report on the new conservative network of publications, foundations, films, etc. The story is full of facts even we didn't know (if you can believe it), and guess what: there's not one snide word in the whole piece. Reporter Dan Morgan takes the whole thing seriously, and appears to think the reader can make up his own mind without subtle coaching to the effect that the Situation is Ominous. He even makes mention of "left-wing Democrats," a breed whose existence has been hitherto unacknowledged in the pages of the *Post*.

■ Felix Rohatyn, special economic advisor to the governor of New York, fiddles with his abacus in a recent issue of *The New York Review of Books*, and gets grim results for the Northeast. "Mass transit, housing, health, education, revenue sharing, etc., will all be financed on a significantly smaller scale than the public has been led to expect. . . . At the same time, in the energy-producing regions—the Sunbelt, the West, the Southwest—cutbacks in the federal budget will be more than made up for by increases in revenues resulting from [oil and gas decontrol]." His political forecast for the region is equally grim. He quotes an editorial in the *Wall Street Journal*: "An electora coalition of the South and West controls 276 electora votes right now, enough to seal a presidential electior . . . And the lock will be tightened further when post census redistricting awards 14 more electoral votes t the Sunbelt." Rohatyn concludes with a variety of pre scriptions, some sensible (lower business taxes, les regulation, higher levels of productivity from publi unions); some demagogic (a regional development cor poration, large helpings of synthetic fuel program con tracts); all extorted from Washington by an allianc of Northeastern and Midwestern pols, businessmer and labor leaders. The health of the Northeast in th Eighties will depend significantly on which of Roha tyn's paths its leaders decide to tread.

Prognosis Negative

It's time to sing "Abide with Me"
  As Chrysler slowly slips.
By January Twenty-Fifth
  There won't be any blips.
Dispense with blood transfusions, please;
  I've seen the doctors shrug.
Let's keep the healthy ones alive
  And help them pull the plug.

W. H. VON DREELE

■ A memo from the office of desegregation of th Cleveland public school system has introduced affirm ative action into sports. "Principals and basketba coaches are required to recruit white students to pla basketball. At least 20 per cent of each basketba team should be white." Prescient coaches are also sai to be on the lookout for crippled dwarfs with goo hook shots.

■ The People's Republic of Massachusetts presents curious double aspect. On the one hand, we see a neo puritan Highmindedness, as embodied in its ultra-lib eralism and in the daily sermons of the *Boston Globe* Mr. Pecksniff would be right at home. But, look again we find a pervasive quotidian corruption with whicl the sainted James Michael Curley would also feel righ at home. Recently a two-year study of constructio contracts issued a report which concluded "corruptio has become a way of life" in Massachusetts. Seventy six per cent of public buildings constructed since 196 possess serious structural defects, and represent hazard to public safety. Payoffs disguised as campaig contributions and the quid pro quo have become s ingrained that no incriminating word passes betwee giver and taker. "The name of the game is cash," saic the report. "Bribes were given, extortion was done the public trust was betrayed. Among those who hac the money and the influence to strike the bargain, the state was for sale."

■ When Milton Friedman lectured in Chile back in 1975 (under private auspices), he became the target of a campaign of abuse, launched by Anthony Lewis of the *New York Times*. Lately he lectured in China (under state auspices), where, as he notes, there is infinitely more state control than in Chile. "Yet," he writes in his *Newsweek* column, "I predict with great confidence that Anthony Lewis will not use his column to berate me for giving economic advice to a Communist government (as earlier, no one ever berated me for

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

There is a killer adjective on the loose in Washington. It is the word "abrasive," and, mightier than the financial disclosure laws, deadlier than Jack Anderson leak, it can bring down even the most fully qualified candidates for high political office.

According to our tally, its victims already include some of the most talented and principled men in the United States: William Simon at Treasury, Thomas Sowell at Education, Laurence Silberman at CIA, and Irving Kristol at the United Nations. (We are not saying here that all, or even any, of these men would have *accepted* these jobs, merely that the offers were deflected, delayed, or in some important way modified.) In each case, the central argument against these extraordinary individuals related not to professional standards, political philosophy, or personal integrity, but rather to personality traits and the individual's presumed inability to get along with the inherited bureaucracy.

Well, let's be clear about the real meaning of this insidious code word. It has very little to do with personality. Note that Donald Regan, the brusque and short-fused Treasury Secretary-designate, is known as the "maverick Wall Streeter"—a promising, even redeeming qualifier—rather than as the clearly insufferable, "abrasive Wall Streeter.") The meaning of "abrasive," at least in the pertinent circumstances, has almost everything to do with performance. Bill Simon, for instance, is widely remembered here for having departed Washington with his principles intact. A singular feat. In several different jobs, over substantial periods of time, he never once was captured by his own bureaucracy. He was the leader, and he expected his followers to follow. The process of adjustment to Bill Simon's strange notions of leadership was long and not without a few bumps. As that process played itself out, what others could plainly see as bureaucratic intransigence, the permanent public policy crowd chose to label "abrasiveness." The prospect of a Cabinet full of Bill Simons clearly terrified the faceless legions of Staff.

■ The longer we look at the personnel problems of modern government the more persuaded we become that Frank Shakespeare has developed the only sensible approach. Shakespeare, the multi-talented businessman and public servant, believes that the criteria for government executives should be exactly the reverse of those used to select executives in the private sector. In Shakespeare's formula, considerations of character should come first, then philosophy (not ideology, but a grounding in some enduring principles), and then ability.

■ As is the case with most of us here in the post-industrial East, we spend approximately 17 per cent of our waking hours on the Eastern Shuttle, the air-taxi service connecting Washington's National and New York's LaGuardia airports. It is a convenient mode of transportation requiring no advance reservations and guaranteeing fixed hourly departures. The bad news is the service, which might be called Absolutely No Frills. No food, no drink, no leg-room, no civility. What makes the ordeal endurable is that the service is dedicated to the democratic proposition that all customers shall be treated exactly alike. In this case, like dogs. Senators, students, businessmen, and soldiers are herded this way and that with nary a nod to affirmative action.

In this egalitarian atmosphere we are always delighted by the frequent appearances of the grand old man of the Eastern Shuttle, Averell Harriman. Arriving late, he starts at the tail end of the line, tapping shoulders, prodding elbows, working his way to the head of the line and the first choice of seats. Invariably, the other customers make way for him, assuming the obvious: that the venerable gent has to place a sensitive trans-Atlantic call, or run an urgent biological errand. They track his progress through the crowd, eager for a glimpse of history. When he settles comfortably into the front row there is an unbroken line of puzzled, mildly disappointed faces behind him. Except ours, of course. We are exhilarated to learn that liberalism lives.

■ While the bureaucracy awaits the Reaganites with crossed legs, the real-estate trade displays altogether unmixed feelings. Agents and brokers are euphoric about the next ninety days, espying in the migration from southern California a new and abundant source of pigeons. One local realtor reports that she expects no trouble at all in unloading a $750,000 two-bedroom condominium in Foxhall Village on one of the fat-cat appointees. Her analysis: "Small—and I mean really small—homes in Beverly Hills cost $650,000. Reagan's top people are not going to be scared away by this price. For what they are getting, it's a real steal."

Reader quiz: can you spot the seven major errors in this piece of analysis?

—CATO

---

ecturing in Yugoslavia)." People like Lewis, he goes on, "judge Communist governments in terms of the noble objectives that they proclaim instead of the deplorable results that they produce." True, too true: 1975 was also the year that Lewis, between denunciations of the 1972 Christmas bombing of Hanoi and Haiphong, applauded the forced march out of Phnom Penh.

■ The Soviet news—news??—agency TASS, which hasn't quite got the hang of year-end wrap-ups yet, summarized 1980 by saying that the "Soviet Union needs no war, doesn't threaten anyone, and isn't going to attack anyone," which explains the war in Afghanistan, the massing of troops on the Polish border, but not whom they are *planning* to attack.

■ The economic growth rate is under 2 per cent, gas is doled out four litres every three months, and so the rulers of what used to be South Vietnam are trying what *Time* magazine calls "vintage capitalist incentives": "Small merchants [have] returned to Saigon to sell their wares, even though they had to do so on the streets and bribe local officials for the privilege. . . . Saigonese with dollar accounts abroad who repatriate their wealth are rewarded with access to duty-

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Medicine for Liberals

Don't struggle, please. Just hold your nose.
Then one-two-three and down it goes.
See what a tiny teaspoonful?
It's infantile to tug and pull.
The bottle's *not* bubonic plague,
So down the hatch! You'll love Al Haig.

W. H. VON DREELE

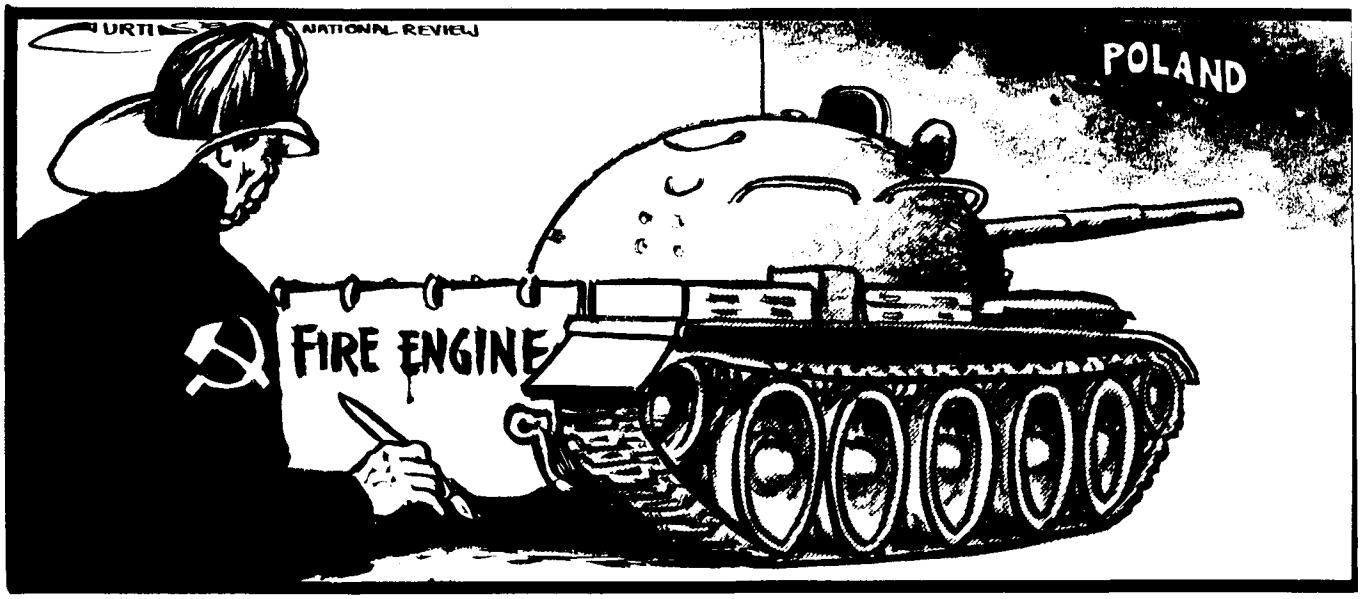
free stores . . . Citizens who receive dollars from relatives overseas can exchange them for the Vietnamese dong at a premium rate." This, of course, is not "vintage capitalism," as *Time* calls it, but the pathetic remnants of a free enterprise system surviving in the interstices allotted it by totalitarians who know empirically that their economic policies have flopped. No doubt the Communists will keep it well in hand, lest they become known as the "corrupt Saigon government."

■ Take a look at the map of Africa and note for yourself what scope for Colonel Muammar Qaddafi's brand of Islamic revolutionary activism is opened up by Libya's acquisition of its Alaska-sized southern neighbor, Chad. The prelude to the merger was a recent venture by Libyan forces, including armor and military aircraft, in helping subdue Chad's long rebellion, and—according to French sources—it was Soviet and East German military planners who worked out the campaign. The effects seem bound to reverberate through 1981 and long thereafter. New Year's Pledge, Franco-American: The frogs will deal with Qaddafi, the Yanks with Castro. The ecumenism of it all gives us the shivers!

■ Is this the beginning of the end in Zimbabwe? La week Robert Mugabe's government used an $8-millic loan from Nigeria to buy out the white South Africa interests that had owned Zimbabwe's five major En lish-language newspapers. A Mass Media Trust w be set up to run the newspapers, and members of tl Trust will be appointed by the government and, pr sumably, will be responsible to the government. Tl government denies that it will interfere in the conte or the management of the papers, but few belie that statement. Certainly not the opposition leade Joshua Nkomo, now the Home Affairs Minister the ruling coalition, but (it is said) about to lo that job. "This," he said, complaining of the takeove "is probably my last free statement through our nev media." Mugabe already controls Zimbabwe's radi and TV.

■ The Food and Drug Administration, after mar years of effort, has finally approved the first nutr tional labeling for nuts. Nobody has yet succeeded approving Food and Drug administrators, some whom are.

■ I AWOKE ONE MORNING AND EGAD DEP'T. "It ma have pleased liberals to think for years that the cor servative movement consisted merely of small-minde businessmen, troglodyte congressmen, hot-eyed ex-ger erals, and weird anti-feminists in tennis shoes—plus few antic intellectuals such as William Buckley, Fried rich Hayek, and Ernest van den Haag. Such illusion are impossible now, in the wake of Reagan's victory Liberals are discovering to their amazement that lively out-of-power intellectual Right always existe around such organizations as the Intercollegiate Stud ies Institute, the Philadelphia Society, and the Mon Pelerin Society—not to mention that serious, if mis



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ıided magazine, NATIONAL REVIEW. In fact, the intelctual Right has grown quite large. Heritage has a ıousand scholars linked into its academic network hom it contacts periodically to supply with material nd with requests for ideas . . ." Thus *The New Reublic*'s executive editor, Morton Kondracke.

Danger Ahead

o far President-elect Reagan has stopped Establishıent politicos and naysayers in his entourage from elling out the supply-side economic issue on which e campaigned. Mr. Reagan has let it be known that Kemp-Roth and a supply-side tax cut are presidential ecisions *that have been made*. He has designated Congressman Dave Stockman, a Kemp ally, as direcor of the Office of Management and Budget to be ure that the tax cuts do not fall victim to spending inreases. Other members of the President's team, with arying degrees of enthusiasm and reluctance, are linıg up behind the President's supply-side policy. Treasry Secretary-designate Regan has invited supplyiders Norman Ture and Paul Craig Roberts into the Treasury sub-cabinet to take charge of tax and ecoomic policy. Econometrician Michael Evans has hown that with restraint on spending growth, the suply-side tax cut is compatible with a balanced budget in 983 and thereafter. For the first time in a long while, he chances are good that the economy can be refurished on a free market basis.

Nevertheless, there are clouds on the horizon. One omes from the bruised egos of Senator Robert Dole, Republican chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, and Congressman Barber Conable, ranking Reıublican on the Committee on Ways and Means. Mr. Dole is considering Donald Lubick, who is Assistnt Secretary of the Treasury for tax policy in the Carter Administration, as the next director of the congressional Joint Committee on Taxation—a good way o gum up the works for Kemp-Roth. Barber Conable s again speaking against Kemp-Roth and managed o let the Democrats, who now have only a 5 to 4 najority in the House, load up the tax-writing Ways ınd Means Committee with a 2 to 1 majority—another good way to gum up the works for Kemp-Roth.

Another cloud comes from Wall Street, where the Chase Bank is spreading rumors that the Administraion has plans to impose wage and price controls. This omes in part from Don Regan's book *A View from he Street*, which endorses controls, and in part from he amazing influence of Gar Alperovitz on the finanial and business community. Alperovitz, a far-leftist with connections to the Institute for Policy Studies, ıas succeeded in penetrating the financial community since the summer of 1979, when the *Wall Street Journal* misrepresented him as "a liberal economist with new ideas" in a big editorial-page write-up. In the *New York Times* last week, Alperovitz debunked supply-side economics, and said that the only way to break out of the current economic crisis is "directly through a wage-price freeze as an increasing number of independent financial and business people have come to realize."

The push is on to turn supply-side economics into another fine-tuning affair for the government to run. If the broad-based tax cuts can be pushed aside, targeted controls, targeted tax cuts, and targeted spending programs can be substituted in their place. Will supply-side economics be perverted into yet another rationale for increased government interference in the economy? Stay tuned.

Reagan's Hot Seat

Near its close, the Carter Administration offered implicitly to annul all American claims against Iranian assets held in the U.S. and explicitly to apply Iranian law in U.S. courts in the matter of disposing of the late Shah's assets—a case not merely of doing all that the U.S. law would allow but of presuming authority even beyond that limit. Such self-abasement in hope of thereby ransoming the kidnapped Americans from a captivity now exceeding sixty weeks proved unavailing. A squad of U.S. diplomats was thereupon dispatched to ascertain whether a last-minute something-or-other might be worked out through Algerian go-betweens, but nobody seemed upbeat about the chances. The prospect was that the problem would be back at square one for the Reagan Administration. What then might be in store? A resort to war cannot be ruled out, but neither can it be ruled in. In that connection, one must distinguish between assuming—in John Locke's phrase—a posture of sedate hostility and conducting belligerent military operations against the Iranian establishment.

The first venture alone would do little beyond altering, perhaps even to Iran's advantage, the status of the captives. The second path would open a host of questions focusing, as all actual warfare must rationally focus, on the conditions for bringing hostilities eventually to an end. In other words, the gain to be achieved by firing some bombs, wreaking some damage, and then dusting our hands, is dubious. Such a war would have to point to displacing the Iranian regime—an unlimited war, in Karl von Clausewitz's parlance. Ventures of this sort produce a dynamism of their own.

Such extremity is not out of the question, but invoking the concept of palpable war in the situation

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at hand carries enormous entailments. Prolong the sham of treating with a contemptuous adversary through the hit-or-miss Algerian channel? The probable result would be only more media chatter about narrowing gaps, signs of movement, and guarded optimism about a potential breakthrough. Just put the whole matter on the back burner, so to speak? That seems to be the gist of what the London *Economist* is suggesting. That won't do either—for implicitly the effect would be to normalize the outrageous. Rail against the Iranians for violating twentieth century norms? That is what they are doing. They know it. They mean it. The regime, such as it is, is intent on revalidating norms a dozen centuries out of date. It is an impossible situation—but there is a puzzlement. As Claudius said,

Diseases desperate grown
By desperate appliance are relieved,
Or not at all.

We do not envy the new President's task in the perplexity thus inherited. We do wish him all the luck in the world, being mindful of an insight expressed by Sonny Jurgensen in a TV commentary the other day: It never helps to counsel the ball carrier not to fumble.

What's the Name of the First Baseman? No, Watt's the Name of the Enemy

The drums are beating in the parched uplands into which the ragged bands of liberalism have been driven, and the message to the surviving troops is: Lay off Haig; get Watt.

James G. Watt, Reagan's nominee for Secretary of the Interior, is in many ways a perfect target, the kind of person liberals love to hate. Since 1977, he has been president of the Mountain States Legal Foundation. During his tenure, the Foundation has challenged the ERA extension and lower utility rates for the poor (utilities, it argued, are not welfare agencies). The Foundation's most prominent supporter is Joseph Coors, a businessman, of all things (a *brewer*!), and a dyed-to-the-woof conservative.

But the greatest objection to Watt is that his nomination challenges the notion that the Department of the Interior is a kind of auxiliary of the Sierra Club. It certainly approached this condition during the Carter Administration. Huge tracts of government-owned land in the West and Alaska have been sealed off from any kind of development. At a time when the country is starved for energy and crucial strategic minerals, the Bureau of Mines and the U.S Geological Survey have been allowed to decay. Interior's lawyers (themselves often alumni of environmental groups) have taken increasingly to settling lawsuits brought by environmentalists by agreeing to cede the Department's decision-making authority to them. ("The country's major coal reserves," concluded William Tucker after describing such a settlement in the February 2, 1979 issue of *NR*, "are now hostage to an environmental group.")

Watt is no slasher and burner. He worked in the Interior Department from 1969 to 1975, lobbying (among other things) for more money to expand federal parkland. But he will bring balance to a sprawling department badly in need of it.

The Cuban Card

The bloodshed that has claimed a reported ten thousand lives in El Salvador—including six Americans—will continue and worsen. Ferman Cienfuegos, a commander of the country's leftist guerrillas, has promised to present the newly inaugurated Ronald Reagan with a "red-hot" situation, to which the Salvadoran right wing shows every intention of responding in kind.

Carnage on this scale is no news in Latin America during the late Forties and Fifties, a quarter of a million people perished in the Colombian *violencia* (what does it take to qualify as a full-fledged *guerra*?). What makes this eruption a matter of concern to the United States is that the main beneficiary of a leftist victory will be Cuba. Cuba has never renounced its role as the vanguard of Communist revolution in this hemisphere. It is Cuba that tutors the pro-Soviet regime of Maurice Bishop on Grenada; Cuba that pours "teachers" and "advisors" into Nicaragua; Cuba that offered the same sort of help to Michael Manley's Jamaica. So long as Cuba is Communist and expansive, no revolution in Latin America can occur in a vacuum.

In the short run, the new Administration must bolster the present junta—a shaky, yet earnest coalition of Christian Democrats and conservative military men. (This is the faction the Carter Administration supported, though in a parting gesture entirely consistent with its previous foreign policy, it suspended $5 million in military aid after the murder of four American missionaries—on the mere suspicion that low-level security forces had a hand in it.) Over the long run, however, it must fight the infection at the source. The Reagan Administration must develop a strategy to remove the Communists from Cuba.

The time is ripe. The Cuban economy is a burnt-out wreck. Cubans die daily in unpopular African wars. There is even a potential replacement for Castro available. Huber Matos was once one of Castro's

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closest aides, a major in the guerrilla army that toppled Batista. In 1959, he was clapped into jail for criticizing Fidel's burgeoning dictatorship. After twenty years of solitary confinement and torture, he was released. In Caracas last October, he formed an anti-Castro organization, *Cuba Independiente y Democrática*. "We are engaged in an ideological struggle against Castro," he said at a New York press conference after his release. "Our purpose is to explain the hard truth about his rule: that his regime violates every norm of human freedom and well-being."

An obvious option would be a Government-in-Exile. Does the new Administration have the will and the imagination to investigate it?

Has Deng Blundered?

The present leadership in Peking has all along faced a tricky political problem: to dismantle much of the Maoist system in the interest of greater efficiency, but at the same time not discredit Mao himself, who, after all, legitimates the Revolution and therefore the status and power of its present managers. Ideally, from the perspective of Deng Xiaoping, Mao should now become a sort of remote and venerated Prime Mover, whose influence, however, is not felt in serious day-to-day matters.

All of this, of course, requires that *others* take the blame for the widely recognized and admittedly god-awful "mistakes" that occurred under the leadership of the Great Helmsman; it requires, that is, the purging of Mao's heir-designate Hua Guofeng as a chilling signal to residual Maoists down the line; and it requires the show trial and conviction of the Gang of Four and their friends. To get Mao off the hook, his widow and the others must get on it.

Chiang Ching, however, is not going along with the script, and Deng may come to regret that his stage directions were not more rigorously imposed. Instead of allowing herself to be separated from Mao, Chiang Ching has flung her arms around him. "I always acted in accordance with the instructions and decisions of the Central Committee, headed by Chairman Mao." Here she is persuasive; and if her tactic works, it will tend to frustrate Deng's political design.

In a number of ways, the Peking show trial departs from its earlier Stalinist model. For one thing, the defendants seem to be guilty of the crimes they are charged with. For another, a surprising degree of spontaneity exists, permitting Chiang Ching to play her against-the-grain game. Stalin would long since have produced her confession that she was a CIA spy, plus the doleful news that she had died of a heart attack.

Is Deng Xiaoping guilty of bourgeois formalism?

Cry Your Eyes Out

Even the Democrats are having doubts about the regulatory behemoth that weighs on the economy. In the last weeks of the 96th Congress, Senator Lloyd Bentsen, outgoing Chairman of the Joint Economic Committee, and Jack Albertine, executive director of the Committee—both Democrats—recommended that Congress enact a special regulatory budget to rein in the voracious regulatory agencies. From the Joint Economic Committee's annual report to Congress: ". . . with the rapid growth of the new regulatory agencies . . . the federal budget no longer conveys a complete picture of the government's impact." While it understates the case, this is at least a partial recognition that the regulatory agencies are no friends to the U.S. economy. In their present uncontrolled state, they cost industry billions of dollars—stoking the fires of inflation and wrecking productivity. During the interregnum, Congressmen Dave Stockman and Jack Kemp warned President-elect Reagan of a new wave of regulations that would hit the economy with "near-gale force," leaving corporations with "an incredible morass of new controls and compliance procedures."

As the latest example of regulatory insanity, we have the Food and Drug Administration and the contact-lens scandal. It all started with one Mary K. Bruch, a low-level administrator with a thirst for power. She decided that contact-lens wearers couldn't be trusted to prepare their own salt solution for storing and cleaning their contact lenses. She yanked the salt pills off the market and, in the process, created a huge market for the manufacturers of preserved saline solutions. Burton-Parsons Co., an outfit based in a Washington suburb, was overjoyed as its sales shot from $5 million to $110 million. The Burton-Parsons executives knew a friend when they saw one, and the *Washington Post* reported that they treated Miss Bruch to some pretty fancy dinners in Georgetown.

A House subcommittee finally buckled down to an investigation after hundreds of calls and letters from irate contact-lens wearers who were forced to pay six times more for the store-bought solution than for the solution made at home with salt tablets. They found no basis for having the salt tablets taken off drugstore shelves. Doctors reported no problems with the maligned tablets so long as they were used properly, and it is virtually impossible to do otherwise. On the other hand, many contact-lens wearers have recently complained of allergies stemming from the thimersol (a mercury-based solution) used in the preserved saline solution.

Most importantly, this story illustrates the attitude that people are incapable of looking after themselves. If people cannot be trusted to use proper caution

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when their own eyes are involved, they might also apply their deodorant improperly. We can see it coming. The government will take antiperspirants off the market in order to protect the boob who might apply them to his tongue to counteract bad breath. Then to combat the daily stink—government-operated deodorant application centers?

Nous Accusons

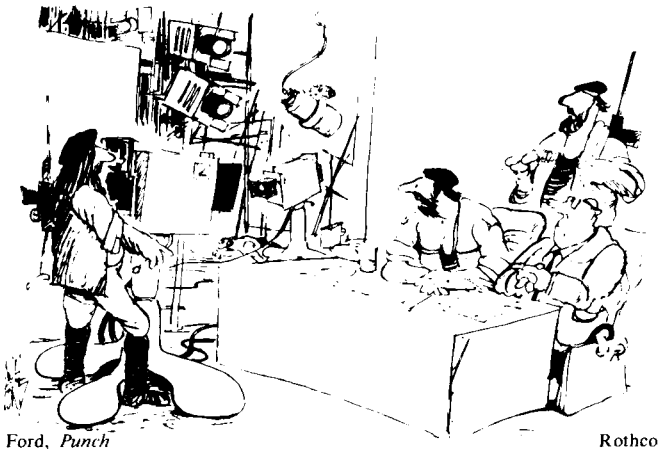
Roger Wilkins is not only black; he is the Establishment black par excellence: a former *New York Times* commentator, now with CBS Radio's *Spectrum*, and the nephew of the venerable NAACP leader Roy Wilkins.

Recently Wilkins has been going round and round with his *Spectrum* colleagues, conservatives Kevin Phillips and *NR*'s Joseph Sobran. When Sobran slammed affirmative action, Wilkins observed caustically that those who oppose it are usually "white males" (like Sobran). When Phillips noted the ease with which black leaders hurl charges of "racism" at their opponents, Wilkins's response spoke volumes:

"Well, it's only natural, when people make speeches on the floor of the Senate, or on television, *or on radio,* blasting busing but never once mentioning the problem of breaking down illegal segregation or expressing concern for the education of black children, that blacks might get the notion that there's a racist motive lurking behind the cloud of self-righteous rhetoric" (our emphasis).

Translation: Disagree with us other than as we permit you to disagree with us (that is, other than on our own premises), and you're damn right we'll call you racist.

Suddenly light flashes over the whole landscape of liberalism. Loose charges are generally poisonous to civil discussion, but that is only part of the problem.



Ford, *Punch* Rothco

"More on the People's Revolution in a moment—first, a word from our sponsor . . ."

The interesting thing is that although liberalism is fo ever talking about the rights of the accused—as lon as the accused are "victims of McCarthyism" or vic lent criminals—the unsubstantiated charge and th presumption of guilt have become integral to the lit eral agenda. White males are automatically guilty, only by heritage and privilege, of racism—handily re named "institutional" racism.

What we really have is another form of institution racism: an established and operative prejudice agains people whose guilt no longer has to be proved case b case.

If there is one thing it is safe to read in the 1980 elec tion returns, it is national disgust with this kind c thinking. But the black establishment has decided will not part with the generalized charge. They hav been joined by many feminists and others. None c these have been deterred by the inherent viciousnes of their accusatory posture. But sooner or later the will realize the political costs. They have set them selves up as the enemies of their fellow Americans They have opted out of the electoral and civil politica processes, preferring to use the courts and administra tive agencies, where the politics of accusation can b pursued—for a while. But the while's up.

Marshall McLuhan, R I P

The media sage of the Sixties was created, he surel knew, by the media. The Marshall McLuhan I bega to know in the mid-Forties was a tall trim pipe-smoke ("Cigarette smokers are not interested in tobacco" whose passion was aiding people such as me to kni up what he considered unexamined lives.

Our trouble—yours and mine—was insufficient at tention to what we were doing. We smoked, bu weren't interested in tobacco. We flipped through mag azines, but didn't adequately ponder half their con tent, which was ads. We drove cars—he didn't—bu failed to reflect that our cars were driving us. Twenty years later his famous slogan, "The Medium is th Message," simply generalized that order of preoccupa tion. What you're taking for granted, it says, is al ways more important than whatever you have you mind fixed on. On that principle, Marshall would un dertake benign regulation of any life that came near.

Precisely because my mind was fixed on teaching, had but to reflect that it was not what I was doing Like it or not, I was embarked on a survival game, fo which to begin with I needed a PhD. Most of my To ronto instructors had been content with the Oxfor MA. For my part I had a Toronto MA. Did that no suffice? I had been told it did. No, said Marshall, you mentors inhabit a backwater. The fields of force nc longer emanate from Oxford. A PhD: and it had bet

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James G. Watt for Interior

Sierra Club-ers say he'll chew
As foxes in a henhouse do,
But with the price of oil so high
I'd love to see some feathers fly.

W. H. VON DREELE

er be from Yale, where his friend Cleanth Brooks had ust been installed as doyen of the New Criticism.

Twenty-four hours later we were headed south from Toronto in my car. In New York we paused to ascertain what anyone less rash would have checked before starting out, whether in that particular June week Cleanth Brooks was even to be found at Yale. He was not. We had five days to put in. Just time for a side trip to Washington where (a passer-through had indicated) the allegedly mad Ezra Pound was accessible to visitors. (Half of my subsequent life was derived from *that* visit.) Then to New Haven where the bemused but unfailingly courteous Cleanth Brooks undertook to see what could be done about getting Marshall's new protégé admitted *now*. Three months later I was in New Haven again, a doctoral candidate.

Having since been a director of graduate admissions, I am in a better position than most to be awestruck at the prodigies Cleanth must have accomplished: one more gauge of Marshall's imperious persuasiveness.

And all those dozens of hours on the road—before freeways, remember: we puttered New York-Washington and return on U.S. #1, poking block by block through every obstacle, even Baltimore—he saw tirelessly to my education, which my profs had (of course) neglected shamefully. They had not even told me, for example, about T. S. Eliot, his sanity, his centrality.

Eliot was Marshall's talisman in those years. We started to collaborate on an Eliot book and read through the canon together, Marshall pontificating, I annotating. As to why that book never got written: its plan got lost, because as you can see (back to the principle) if you are thinking Eliot is important, why, he can't be.

That was a problem with the McLuhan system: its emphases were by definition self-destructive. Eliot, he came to think, was fencing insights stolen from Mallarmé. If you objected that Eliot barely mentioned Mallarme, that merely proved what an old slyboots he was.

Later he had decided that Mallarmé in turn was retailing Buddhism, and later still everybody you can think of was feeding the world hidden Buddhism at the prompting of a fraternity of Freemasons. That was dangerous knowledge, and he even came to think the Freemasons had a contract out on him. By that time we were out of touch.

A few years later he discovered media, and became famous, rightly. I don't know of anyone else who has sucked himself down into a conspiracy theory and come triumphantly out of it. Conspiracy theories are normally terminal. But Marshall was unique.

What always saved him was his ability to get interested in something else. Nothing was too trivial. "Let us check on this," he would say, and steer the two of us into a movie house, where we stayed for twenty minutes. "Enough." Out in the light he extemporized an hour of analysis.

I think he did get a television, finally. I know he read books and books and books. (MARSHALL MCLUHAN READS BOOKS ran a bumper sticker in the Sixties.) He read them especially on Sunday afternoons: long demanding books like Lancelot Andrewes's Sermons. He would nap at two, wake up at three, and start reading, pausing to pencil numerous tiny notes on the flyleaves.

A last glimpse. Marshall's unappeasable mother, in the back seat of the car, is sampling the *Pisan Cantos*. She is baffled, and means her bafflement to be a reproach. "What you have to understand, Mother," he improvises, "is that in the poetry you are used to things happen one after another. Whereas in that poetry everything happens at once." It served to quell her. As it stands it's not a good formula, but you can think how to go on from it, if you don't get flypapered. I've been going on from extemporizations of Marshall's for thirty years. —HUGH KENNER

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

The election did it. In one fell swoop it separated Church from state.

James W. Davis Jr.
Madison, N.Y.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Three quick items:

1. Archbishop Fulton J. Sheen's "obituary" appeared in *NR* in the January 4, 1980 issue, shortly after he died: "We have scheduled an ampler obituary for Archbishop Sheen, to be written by one of his most distinguished converts. . . ." I presume this to be Clare Boothe Luce. Is it still on schedule, or is the indomitable Mrs. Luce incorrigibly in a huff since the Republican Party not only has not acceded to her di-

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agnosis that it is dead (cf. *NR*, March 18, 1977), but also has rebuked, during its vigorous rebirth with a vengeance at the convention in which Demon Liberalism was cast out by Exorcist Reagan, the ERA?

2. Now's the time to start a list of the landmark events of the year 1955. Let's see: I can come up with four to start you off.

a) Glenn Gould released his first recording, J. S. Bach's *The Goldberg Variations.*

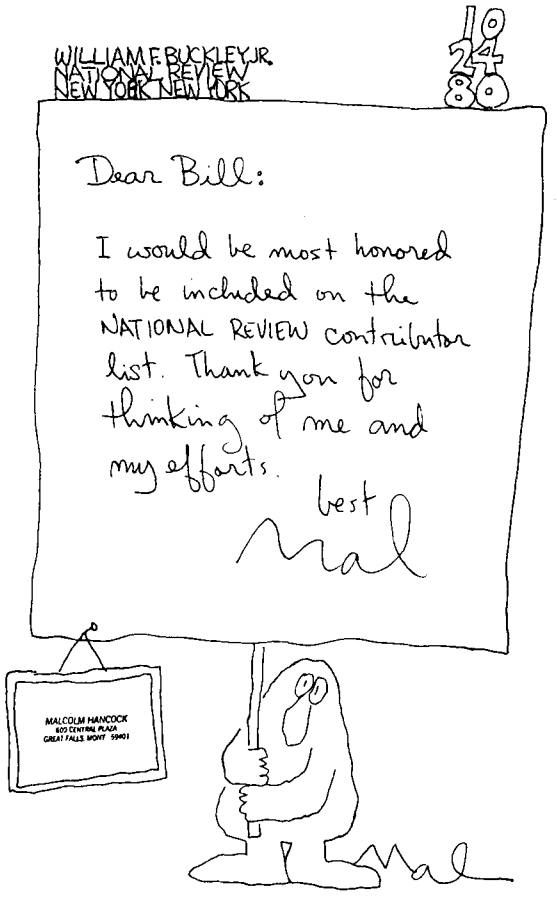
b) Vladimir Nabokov published *Lolita.*

c) Walter Lippmann published *The Public Philosophy.*

d) NATIONAL REVIEW embarked on its rescue mission. Which reminds me of the last item, which is

3. URGENT! Can my friends and I join the celebration in December? We wouldn't want to miss the 25th, which ought to be bigger than the twentieth since President-elect and Exorcist Reagan should be there. My checkbook is ever ready to purchase a ticket if I can get some details, and soon.

Cordially,
David Kim
Cambridge, Mass.


WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.
NATIONAL REVIEW
NEW YORK NEW YORK
10 24 80
Dear Bill:
I would be most honored to be included on the NATIONAL REVIEW contributor list. Thank you for thinking of me and my efforts.
best
Mal
MALCOLM HANCOCK
Mal

Dear Mr. Kim: 1) Right on. But Mrs. Luce's acceptance was contingent on a number of factors, her health principal among them, and none petulant. 2) You correctly identify the landmarks of 1955, but omit to mention that in that year, we took on the burden of continuing the work of Ortega y Gasset, James Agee, and Albert Einstein, R I P. 3) Hope you enjoyed the party. The Committee handled the invitation list, not the editors. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Bill:

The American Booksellers Association was asked by the White House to put together a special collection of books to be placed in Aspen, the President's cabin at Camp David. These books will become a permanent part of the White House Library.

Who's On First was selected.

We have always tried to add to your illustrious reputation but never dreamed of finding you a home in the White House . . . or even the President's "cabin." I hope we can find ways to plant a bug in the book, in the best tradition of the USSR.

By the way, the selection was made in consideration of the present as well as future occupants.

Sam Vaughan
President
Doubleday, Inc.
New York, N.Y.

■ Dear Bill:

Must we adopt a "quietist posture" as per *NR* 10/31, "The Road to Theocracy"? If I start shouting, have I thus adopted a "loudist posture"? Author Harold O. J. Brown should take care lest he find himself backed into a nerdist posture.

Sincerely,
Edward Meadows
Fortune Magazine
New York, N.Y.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Your current declaration [Nov. 28] that *NR* will now cease to be a source of humor to its readers assumes a hermeneutic constrained by authorial intent. As the apologist best suited to defend the nascent Administration's incipient curtailments of individual autonomy with the rhetoric of freedom, your magazine will continue to hold a prominent place in the ranks of amusement reading.

Indeed, irony may prove the only solace to the unemployed victimized by more military spending, nonconformists harassed under state-imposed ethics, or "unreliable" citizens subjected to clandestine government surveillance. But not even laughter may forever be relied upon; the "Moral" Majority may well get around to banning it.

Sincerely,
Don Dripps
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Dear Mr. Dripps: Who knows? The Moral Majority may even get around to making you change your name! Cordially, —WFB

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HOW TO FOIL A CAR THIEF

A FEW SIMPLE PRECAUTIONS CAN REDUCE THE RISK OF THEFT

The numbers are staggering. Every 37 seconds or so a car is stolen somewhere in the U.S. That adds up to almost 800,000 cars a year. But you can do something to keep your car from becoming a statistic. Start by avoiding these four common parking mistakes.

The "Just for a Minute" Syndrome. When you leave your car, even if it's "just for a minute," lock all of the doors and take your keys. In fact, about one of every five cars stolen was left unattended with keys in the ignition. Keep driver's license and vehicle registration cards in your wallet or purse. If a car thief finds these documents in the vehicle's glove box, he can impersonate you if stopped by the police.

The Isolated Location. It's safest to park in a locked garage, but if you can't, don't leave your car in a dark, out-of-the-way spot. Instead, try to park on a busy, well-lighted street. Thieves shy away from tampering with a car if there's a high risk of being spotted.

The Display Case. There's nothing more inviting to a thief than expensive items lying in your car, in plain sight. If you lock these items in the trunk or glove box, there's less incentive for a thief to break in. Also, when you park in a commercial lot or garage, be cautious. Lock your valuables in the trunk, and leave only the ignition key with the attendant.

The Space at the End of the Block. In recent years, professional car-theft operations have become an increasing problem. Unlike amateurs, the professionals are not easily deterred. Cars parked at the end of a block are easy targets for the professional thief with a tow truck. So, it's best to park in the middle of the block. Be sure to turn your steering wheel sharply to one side or the other. That will lock the steering column and prevent the car from being towed from the rear.

Unfortunately, there's no such thing as a "theft-proof" car. But at General Motors, we're equipping every car we build with anti-theft features. We want to help you make it as difficult as possible for any thief—amateur or professional—to steal your car.

This advertisement is part of our continuing effort to give customers useful information about their cars and trucks and the company that builds them.

General Motors

People building transportation to serve people

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The Current WISDOM

The Middle Of An Era

NEAL B. FREEMAN

THE LESSONS for today are drawn from Fibonacci, Kondratieff, and Schacter. Your first guess, alas, is incorrect. This threesome did not make up the GOP ticket in New York's 1965 municipal elections. They were, rather, three of the more asseverative students of the human condition, each of whom made a durable if unintended contribution to political understanding.

Leonardo Fibonacci: a thirteenth century Italian scholar, is best known for his study of the Great Pyramid at Giza. During the course of his research, he concluded that Egyptian architects had employed in their design a fixed progression of numbers: 2-3-5-8-13-21-34-55-89 and so on. In this series, as will be seen, the ratio of successive numbers comes asymptotically to 1.618. These numbers, cannily promoted and widely remarked, came to be known as the Fibonacci series.

Omnipresent Fibonacci

Now it is a signal honor to have a series of numbers carry your name. As well as an irresistible temptation. Impressionable bystanders began to see Sr. Fibonacci's numbers everywhere, a phenomenon known to psychologists as "illusionary correlation." Indeed, as the centuries passed, the Fibonacci series was perceived to be the underlying pattern in all manner of developmental functions—the rings on elephant tusks, the blips on a pineapple, the curls on a seashell, and such like. There are even botanists who will swear that the number of branches on a tree increases each year exactly by the Fibonacci increment.

Following Richard Clopton's dictum that for every credibility gap there is a gullibility fill, the Fibonacci series was soon assigned to explain the inexplicable, including, perhaps inevitably, the stock market. Using the 1.618 formula, security analysts found that they could "project" almost any data with felicitous precision. It was only momentarily troubling to discover that other analysts, equally devoted to the power of the Fibonacci numbers, were predicting altogether different outcomes. It was all a matter of interpretation, it seemed, with each analyst reading into the great Rorschach blob whatever patterns he was predisposed to discern.

Nikolai Kondratieff's experience was somewhat different, and somewhat the same. As a young economist in the early days of the Soviet revolution, Kondratieff studied Western economic statistics and concluded that capitalist societies move in cycles, each lasting approximately fifty years. That there is an ebb and flow to life, a few ups and a few downs, seems to be less than a heart-stopping revelation. But Kondratieff's pronouncements were heard as thunderclaps. *Of course*, said his admirers. *Reactionary*, cried his critics. (No doubt Kondratieff's reputation was enhanced by the official disfavor his studies encountered in Leninist Moscow. Manifestly, he had wandered from the true socialist path. A progressive analysis would have revealed that the cycles of capitalist society can be traced in a precipitate southward plunge, ending abruptly at the point at which capitalism dashes upon the rocks of history.)

The theory of the Kondratieff wave was embraced by economists in many countries and maintains today a firm grip on a small but outspoken band of devotees. Its basic attraction is that it explains everything. If you can draw squiggly lines on a piece of paper, you can insulate yourself against information overload and achieve *fundamental understanding*. Just as a stopped clock is right twice a day, a squiggly line on a sheet of graph paper will occasionally intersect with reality. On such occasions, the Kondratieff wave tightens its grip still further on the true believers and adds, at least for the nonce, a circle of new adherents.

A little bit later in the century, after Kondratieff had perished in a Stalinist prison for his effronteries, a laboratory scientist by the name of S. Schacter gave us another insight into how we receive information and how we act on it. He injected a number of volunteers with the drug epinephrine, which induces temporary heart palpitations and other symptoms of anxiety. Schacter told his volunteers that the drug was a vitamin. He then placed the volunteers in cells with dummy patients who had not received epinephrine. In one cell, the dummy was antic and lighthearted, in another he was frowning and angry. The question Schacter sought to answer was this: how would his volunteers act? In the large majority of cases Schacter's volunteers acted the way the dummies did. In other words, when all about them people are losing their heads, most people will lose their own.

None of the Above

We adduce the examples of Fibonacci, Kondratieff, and Schacter for short-term therapeutic purposes. Over the next ninety days it will be important to immunize oneself against cycles, waves, and crowd reactions as well as against eras, charts, sunspots, and tea leaves. Every time one picks up a paper or a newsweekly, one will be struck with a big-picture piece that, from whatever point of ideological departure, concludes that we are at a) The End of an Era; b) The Beginning of an Era; or c) Both of the Above. We are here today to introduce the humble notion that we may be at None of the Above. As difficult as it may be for all of us to admit, we may have come no further than the very middle of an era. For as Paul Anderson once put it: "I have yet to see any problem, however complicated, which, when you looked at it the right way, did not become still more complicated." □

FOOTNOTE: For those who wish to augment their resistance to trendy analysis, we recommend David Dremen's *Contrarian Investment Strategy*, the most useful political book of the season.

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War Clouds and Theories

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

As we enter 1981, it is fascinating to note and ponder the new Chinese (Communist) attitude to war. World war, it seems, is no longer inevitable. This, at least, is what the secretary general of the Chinese Communist Party, Hu Yaobang, said to his Spanish colleague, Santiago Carrillo, in Peking the other day.

"It is our view," he said, "that if only all peace-loving countries and people unite and take firm steps to curb the hegemonists' aggression and expansion, it is possible to postpone or even prevent the outbreak of a great war. On the other hand, however, if the people of the world lower their guard so that the hegemonists continuously intensify their aggressive and expansionist activities, then this situation will inevitably lead to the eventuality of a great war."

Translation: "If we all stand up to the Russians, there won't be a war. If we don't, there will."

There are at least two points of interest in this Chinese statement, and possibly three. One is that to say war may not be inevitable marks a change in Chinese Party thinking. Another is that the Party may have chosen to drop its former line at the precise moment when it could conceivably have been right. As for the possible third point of interest, the new line is perhaps the most candid overture to the West to date. "Look," the Chinese Communists seem to be saying, "we are ready to be your allies and you need us. If you spurn us, we may all be blown sky-high."

Just and Unjust Wars

Let us look at these propositions one by one. The inevitability of war was one of a number of ideological contention points between the Soviets and Chinese when the great split between them was coming to a head between 1957 and 1961. In those days (how far off they seem!), Mao Tse-tung's party was more Stalinist than the Soviet one. With Khrushchev in power, the Soviets had become "revisionists" in Chinese eyes. Now they are "hegemonists."

On the approaches to the Twentieth Party Congress of February 1956, it began to dawn on Khrushchev that a nuclear war was going to be pretty destructive, for the USSR not less than for the U.S.A. So the Leninist doctrine of the "inevitability" of war was discarded. But it was not exactly a clean break. When 81 Communist parties met in Moscow at the end of 1960, the Chinese and Soviet parties, for the last time, jointly signed a common declaration, pledging aid to "national liberation" fighters.

In a speech on January 6, 1961, shortly after the Moscow meeting, Khrushchev made it clear that nuclear war was unacceptable, because the Soviet Union might be destroyed. He defined "local wars" as those launched by imperialists for their own ends, for instance in the Suez expedition of 1956. These local wars, he argued, were doubly unjust: because they were imperialist and because they might escalate into nuclear conflict (which might destroy the Soviet Union, etc.). But there was also a category of "just" wars: the "national liberation" ones, because they were anti-imperialist.

But the Chinese went right on saying that war was inevitable and were much given to boasting that with their enormous population, a few hundred million more or less wouldn't make that much difference, as the Chinese People's Republic would survive, even if nobody else did.

Now, however, they change their tune.

In this space last May, I argued that on the face of it we seemed to be heading for World War IV (in the special terminology of this column), or at any rate for a Soviet nuclear strike against Europe.

Since May, two very important events have put the whole thing in a new light: the events in Poland, and the election of Ronald Reagan.

With the usual reservations about the caprices of history, I feel pretty certain that with the (so far) peaceful revolt of the Polish workers, not just the Polish satellite but the Soviet empire as a whole, including its Russian heart, is on the slippery slope.

The Soviet dilemma is insoluble. The dogma that the Soviet Union is a "workers' state" is central to Leninist legitimacy. If it is abandoned, nothing much is left. In a workers' state (so goes the dogma), strikes are unthinkable, since the workers own the means of production and cannot strike against themselves.

The Infection Spreads

What is true for the USSR is equally true (in dogmatic terms) of Poland or any other component of the empire. If the Polish workers get away with forming a free trade union which in turn is allowed to supersede the official trade unions (read "organs of repression of the ruling party"), then there is no reason why the contagion should not spread in time to the USSR itself.

That is why, in the last resort, the Soviet leaders cannot allow the Poles to get away with it. They are well aware that a military intervention on their part would be messy and dangerous, and that the Poles, unlike the Czechs, would fight for their freedom. They also know that if the repressive apparatus of the Kania regime is seen to fail, it is the beginning of the end for the whole monstrous tyranny.

They will have been sorely tempted to march in during the lame duck last few weeks of the Carter Administration, for after January 20, who knows how the United States may react?—even though, ideally, they would prefer to await the spring, by which time they may hope to have subdued the Afghans.

These are some of the reasons why the danger of a general war has become more acute still since my column of May 16. But the fundamental problem remains: the empire is crumbling, its economies in a morass, its technologies dependent on the "capitalists"; yet its military power is gigantic. For a crumbling empire, the temptation to lash out is strong.

I do not think the Chinese change of dogmatic line is based on any consideration of the world situation as it is, however, but that it is part of the process of moving away from Maoism. I shall return in another column to the theme of the Chinese as allies. □

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WHAT REAGAN CAN DO ABOUT IT

Once second to none, U.S. car production is now second to Japan's, thanks in large part to Jimmy Carter's EPA, DOT, DOE, and NHTSA. Herewith some ways Ronald Reagan can prevent Motown from becoming a ghost town

The Browning of Detroit

RICHARD M. LANGWORTH

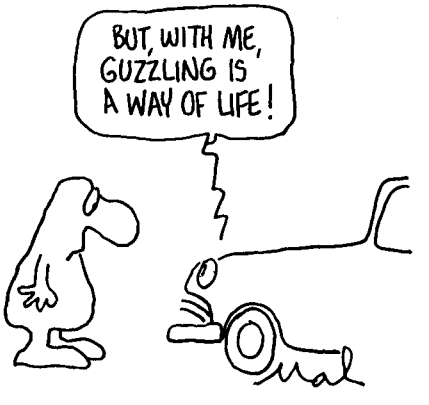
THE LEGACY OF Jimmy Carter assails the President-elect on every side. But nowhere is the crisis so all-pervading as in the automobile industry. Four years of Mr. Carter have reduced the once-vaunted Detroit machine to a near shambles, with U.S. car production now second—and the gap is widening—to Japan's.

What will be Reagan's initiative in the matter of Detroit? One thing we can safely predict: the industry will not be told to reinvent the automobile. And if the new President makes good his vow to bring the talents of private industry to bear on the nation's troubles, he may find an encouraging surfeit of solutions among people who know what cars are all about. The browning of Detroit need not be permanent.

The Carter Administration's role in torpedoing the auto industry must be understood in two ways. Speaking generally, Carter's economic policies created a recession; specifically, oxymoronic regulations spawned largely by Carter appointees reduced the industry's ability to cope with that recession.

It is important to understand that regulation has been disastrous, in spite of the desirability of its goals. No one argues that fuel economy, safety, and clean air are undesirable, but arbitrary mandates placed unbending demands on the industry. Before regulation, automotive product planning depended on the market, the cash flow, and the need to meet competition. Since regulation, x (or x times inflation) dollars must be spent irrespective of cash flow or market conditions, because of unyielding time schedules and standards set by Washington.

Under such conditions it became conceivable for conservatives to defend the Chrysler loan guarantees—an idea which, on its own merits, would have been anathema to Adam Smith. Chrysler's earlier product decisions certainly hastened its downfall. But the company might have weathered those decisions, thanks to the wiser ones it made just before and since Lee Iacocca took over. What Chrysler couldn't survive were inflexible investments imposed on it by government regardless of the marketplace.



Regulation of the auto industry received its first impetus from a 1965 book by a non-driver, Ralph Nader, which contained a superficial chapter about the Chevrolet Corvair. *Unsafe at Any Speed* didn't kill the Corvair—it was marked for fade-out six months before the book appeared, driven out by the competition. But Nader's book was a milestone in the evolution of the Zeitgeist concerning the auto industry. By 1968, headrests, side marker lights, and smog control were mandated by law. Regulation has increased geometrically since.

Between 1968 and 1979, according to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, safety and emission regulations added $593 to the cost of a new car. With 11.3 million cars sold in 1978, that means the public paid $6.7 billion more thanks to the government alone than it did ten years earlier. And the story gets worse. For General Motors, meeting government-mandated safety and emission standards in 1978 cost $1.6 billion, $361 million more than in 1977. This doesn't even count the taxes and workmen's compensation for the 24,800 employees GM estimates it needs for regulatory compliance.

IN THE Carter years, Detroit labeled the costs of improving fuel economy "competitive expenses," maintaining that this improvement would have been demanded by the market regardless of the government. But it's worth noting that GM alone spent about $1.5 billion to meet arbitrary fuel mileage standards in 1979, and will probably spend up to $2 billion a year in the early Eighties. "Meeting the standards has been made more difficult and costly by the 'front-loaded' schedule established by the Department of Transportation [DOT]," notes GM executive vice president Roger B. Smith. "This requires 2-mpg annual improvements in fuel economy in 1981 through 1983, tapering off to a 1-mpg increment in 1984 and a 0.5-mpg increase for 1985."

Excluded from the above figures is the incalculable cost of lost opportunities. For example, Chrysler has been a longtime advocate of gas turbine engines; but its turbine program was stunted for a decade because, among other things, it had to give priority to government mandates. GM's diesel development, so promising thus far, may be set back years because the Environmental Protection Agen-

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:y (EPA) is preparing to find diesel fumes carcinogenic. One wonders whether the EPA will then come out for a ban on :rucks.

Federal agencies no sooner get one new standard enacted :han they beaver away to invent more. The Reagan mandate s the first indication that they may be stopped, but it's going to take a comprehensive effort by the new Adminis-:ration. Consider what the EPA, the DOT, and the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration (NHTSA) were plan-ning for the Eighties as Carter was campaigning for four more years:

- Performance warranty: a guarantee by manufacturers that emission-control systems are free from defects. (This is like asking the *New York Times* to guarantee that its reports are free from errors.)
- Noise control: for buses, 83 decibels in 1979, decreasing to 77 by 1985; for garbage trucks, 78 in 1979, going to 75 by 1982 "during compaction." There's even a noise regula-tion for off-road bikes. (Thus far they've missed tricycles, scooters, and roller skates.)
- Parameter adjustment: limiting the number of carburetor adjustments available, and allowing the EPA to test car-buretors anywhere to prove compliance. (This effectively prevents mechanics from meeting many extreme regional or atmospheric conditions.)

The list goes on, of course. The agencies also want to control after-market parts, production warranties, defect re-ports, conformity certificates, heavy-duty-engine emissions, and more.

But ignore the proposals. Here's what laws already on the books will do to the price of your $5,000 Ford Fairmont by 1985: first, add $985 to meet safety, emission, and fuel-economy standards over the next five years. Then throw in about $300 for a "passive restraint system." (It might have been as high as $800 for airbags—that "safety" device which blows up in your face when your car strikes anything, using a toxic sodium azide propellant—but the House struck this provision in December.) That puts your Fairmont around $6,300—not allowing for inflation. Let's assume Rea-gan wrestles it down to 5 per cent by 1984, with a four-year average of 8 per cent. The price has just gone up to nearly $10,000. Proportional increases or more inflation might also bring us $13,000 Dodges and $20,000 Buicks.

Ah yes, say the agencies responsible for these incidental consumer costs, but look at how we've improved air quality and saved lives. The National Highway Traffic Safety Ad-ministration modestly accepts credit for saving 55,000 lives since 1974. But since 1977, when highway traffic resumed its pre-oil-embargo density, road accidents have racked up the same fifty thousand deaths a year they did in 1973. There have been few noticeable improvements in air quality, and in places where it did improve—like Los Angeles—out-side factors such as industrial pollution control were partly responsible. Indeed, according to William T. Pecora, former director of the U.S. Geological Survey, more particulate matter and combined gases were ejected into the atmosphere by three volcanoes than from all of mankind's activities in recorded history.

If the American auto industry is to compete with formi-dable rivals like the Japanese, things will have to change fast. "This country has absorbed about as much mandated waste as it can," says GM's Roger Smith. "We can no longer afford the luxury of wasted time, wasted motion, wasted resources brought about by unnecessary or excessive regulation. Particularly we can't afford this waste in the inflationary environment we are presently experiencing."

What can be done? Ronald Reagan's promise to put a cap on federal hiring the day he's inaugurated is crucial. Let the EPA, the DOT, the DOE, the NHTSA, and all the others get along on less. They've been telling the rest of us to for years.

But much more is required. Here are four avenues open to the new President.

1. *Exemptions for efficiency.* In Europe, high-octane (lead-ed) gas is still available, and emission standards are milder than ours. So a 1,200-cc European car equals the perform-ance of a 1,600-cc American car, while delivering better fuel mileage. Tony Hogg, editor of *Road & Track* magazine, has suggested exempting small-displacement cars from federal

(Continues on page 53)

SIDE GUARD DOOR BEAMS: *"In 1970, the government pro-posed putting these in all cars. We said they would be a waste of money in many kinds of cars. After the public was forced to spend almost half a billion dollars for them, the General Accounting Office concluded that the beams pro-vided 'little, if any, benefits in terms of reduced deaths and serious injuries.'"*

CATALYSTS AND UNLEADED GAS: *"In 1973, EPA said 'the public interest dictates that catalysts be phased into use,' and forced them on American cars. Chrysler said there was a better way to do the job through improved combustion in the engine; that unleaded gas would cost much more than leaded; that the catalyst would need exotic metals that can only be had from Russia and South Africa. It's 1979, and unleaded gas costs 4 to 8 cents more a gallon than leaded gas. That's almost $2 billion a year in needless inflation. The industry is importing more than 1.6 million ounces of platinum and rhodium a year from South Africa. By 1981 the cost of precious metals will add another $1.5 billion every year to inflation."*

THE IGNITION INTERLOCK: *"In 1974 the government required the famous ignition interlock that prevented a driver from starting his car until he buckled up the bag of groceries on the passenger seat. I personally testified that it [would] create a consumer backlash against safety regulations. The government went ahead with this pinball approach to engi-neering and the outcry was so loud that within three months Congress told us to take off the interlock—after $250 mil-lion of the consumers' money had been poured down the drain."*

—From a 1979 speech by former Chrysler board chairman John Riccardo

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Mr. Langworth is feature editor of Car Collector, *contribut-ing editor of* Consumer Guide, *and publisher of two auto-motive books and author of ten others.*

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THE BIRTH AND DEATH OF A BRILLIANT IDEA

After just about everything had been tried, without success, to revitalize declining and decaying areas, here was an idea which said: 'Try nothing'— and that, the Thatcher government was going to try

A Short History of Enterprise Zones

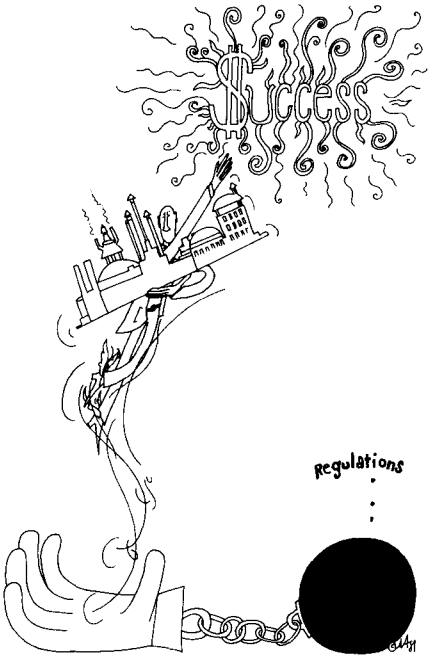
MADSEN PIRIE

I KNEW THE IDEA was brilliant from the moment I first encountered it. It was at a London conference organized by the Adam Smith Institute just one year before the demise of Britain's Labor government and the dawn of the Thatcher era. Sir Keith Joseph, guru-in-chief of the Thatcher forces, was being pressed for a commitment that the next government would indeed be a radical one.

"Would you," demanded an enthusiastic young Scot, "agree to a final test between freedom and planning?" The delegates rocked with laughter as the questioner outlined a proposal to place one island—the Isle of Wight, perhaps—*under socialist planning and controls*, and dedicate another to freedom and market forces. At Sir Keith's reply—"Is the press present?" he began—the laughter froze. Then, into an enraptured silence, he revealed that there were plans to designate areas of Britain in which the Queen's writ would not run. Furthermore, instead of on offshore islands, these would be set amid the worst blight of inner-city decay, in areas which a half-century of planning and subsidy had failed to improve.

As Sir Keith elaborated the proposal no labor-union laws, no planning controls, no health and safety regulations, no taxation, no limitations on wages and prices, no services, no monopolies- I found myself, with the rest of his audience, breaking into spontaneous and prolonged applause.

As one who has his fair share of innovative and creative ideas, I do not usually grudge the contributions of others; but in this case I did. It was, as Thomas Huxley once said of another idea, "so simple that I should have thought of it." Alas, that honor belongs to Professor Peter Hall, who unveiled



it on June 15, 1977, in a critical address to the Royal Town Planning Institute.

What attracted me to the idea was its cool magnificence, its almost breathtaking insolence. After just about everything had been tried, without success, to revitalize declining and decaying areas, here was an idea which said: "Try nothing." Instead of looking for new ways of wasting public money, for new regulations, planning, subsidies, and controls, this idea said that government could best help not by doing something else, but by stopping what it was already doing.

For what could human ingenuity and initiative not do, once loosed from the chains of restriction and regulation? The bubbling vitality of human resourcefulness, unfettered by controls and unbled by taxation, would soon grow skyscrapers where there had been slums breed work where there had been waste We had visions of Prometheus unbound leaping from his rock to bring mankinc the new fire of enterprise.

The advantages flashed before us a: we savored the idea. Self help would achieve in five years what state help had failed to deliver in fifty, and socialism would be discredited. The "enterprise zones" would be so successful that other areas would demand to share their freedom. The opposition would be hopelessly divided between national politicians who rightly discerned the thir end of a very large anti-state wedge. and their local counterparts who would demand enterprise zones to revive their own areas. We should have taken more notice of Sir Keith's attempt to warn us that the plan actually put into practice might not be as bold as the one he had outlined. But those were heady days; the skies ahead were clear, and the wind blew from the Right.

There were soon some disturbing reports that the party bureaucrats were trying to water down the proposal in committee, but, three months after Mrs. Thatcher's electoral success, the story broke upon the public in a suitably dramatic form. Spread across six front-page columns of a national Sunday newspaper, the story was headlined: "Boom Zones—UK to Copy Hong Kong!" One Labor MP denounced the proposal, claiming that we didn't want "to turn cities like Liverpool into miniature Hong Kongs." (We did.) Another said that

Mr. Pirie is the author of Trial and Error and the Idea of Progress *(Open Court, 1978). He is president of the Adam Smith Institute and International General Secretary of MENSA.*

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As you probably know . . .

. . . Bill Buckley recently published the latest in his series of spy thrillers (*Who's on First*, selling now in bookstores nationwide). It continues the international adventures of Blackford Oakes, a dashing ex-Yale CIA agent — it's the third Buckley novel to date. The first (*Saving the Queen*) is no longer available, but we *do* have a number of copies of the *second* one, *Stained Glass*, in the original hardcover edition (retail price $8.95).

If you have not yet read any of these best-selling books, we can offer you the opportunity to get a *free* and postpaid copy of *Stained Glass* if you will do us the favor of subscribing now (or renewing your current subscription) for a full year (26 issues) at no more than the current $24 rate. That's right: you get the $8.95 book absolutely *free* if you take advantage of this offer *now*.

Of course what we expect you will do is read and enjoy *Stained Glass* — then run right out and buy the latest one as well! But whatever you do, don't miss this opportunity to get one of the original Buckley novels *free*.

Stained Glass is a perfect example of *why* these novels have won such critical acclaim. Sure, they're in the thriller *genre*, but only Bill Buckley would dare add all the other elements — marvelous stuff you won't find in anybody else's novels, you can be sure. This one takes place some seven years after World War II (round about when Buckley himself was in the CIA . . .), and has plenty of action and a plot that will keep you guessing right up to the final pages. More, it really *does* involve *Stained Glass* — and what you learn will illuminate that fascinating art as do the windows themselves (i.e., you'll see it all from the inside).

Again, don't miss this opportunity to get this famous thriller *free*. Just use the card facing this page right now.

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these areas would become "red-light districts characterized by racketeers, pimps, and cheap Tory spivs." The spiv, a postwar black-marketeer, was not exactly what we had in mind, but he added to the total picture.

The prospect of slant-eyed Liverpool natives scuttling about dealing in illicit nylons and chewing-gum with Tory racketeers in greasy raincoats seemed an unlikely one, but we were quite prepared to risk it, and allow freedom to take its course. The main point was that freedom would be given the chance to see what it could produce. We were convinced that once the restrictions were removed, the natural desire of people to better themselves, coupled with the results of thousands of entrepreneurial ventures and trial-and-error experiments, would achieve the growth and success which had so conspicuously eluded governments.

And the glory of it all would be the philosophical lesson: that the most innovative and constructive help that government could give was to get out of the way. At a time when all of the creative political ideas were coming from the Right, it was this aspect of the enterprise-zone proposal which made it the brightest jewel in the crown. Once the zones had shown how really free enterprise could generate wealth, who could resist our subsequent demands to spread the formula for success? What worked in Britain, furthermore, could be applied elsewhere. Few industrial nations are without their declining and decayed areas.

Sir Geoffrey Howe, Mrs. Thatcher's Chancellor of the Exchequer, announced in due course that six enterprise zones were to be established. There was widespread relief among the idea-men behind Britain's new conservatism that the proposal had not been killed by the bureaucrats. One prediction, furthermore, was fulfilled immediately. Regardless of the ideological slant of their local governments, the blighted areas practically fell over one another in their efforts to make sure that they were included in the favored group of six.

In retrospect, this was the high point of the idea's success. The original proposal had been nurtured and protected through committees; pressures to see it through had been maintained; it had got a broadly favorable reception from the public; now we had a definite commitment from government to implement it. The idea was even being exported to other countries, including the United States, where its chief exponent is Representative Jack Kemp.

There never was a sudden point at which we knew the idea was doomed. It died slowly, by a process of attrition, between the original announcement of intent and the final wording incorporated into the budget in March. As the proposals leaked out in ones and twos, it became clear that the emphasis was to be on temporary tax concessions, or "tax holidays" as they are usually called, maybe with generous tax write-offs allowed. We waited with mounting irritation for the deregulatory proposals. Where, oh where, were the opportunities for enterprise to develop unhindered?

After much labor, the mountain brought forth its mouse. The only noticeable freedom from regulation was to be the mild relaxation of "some" planning requirements (local zoning). That was it. Quite clearly the original bold proposal had been diluted beyond all recognition by successive applications of the "But, Minister . . ." syndrome. "But, Minister, we cannot relax labor legislation, the closed shop, or conditions of employment—we'll have the unions about our neck!"

"Oh very well, leave out the union stuff."

"But, Minister, we cannot exempt from health and safety regulations or we'll be wiping out 150 years of protection, and have every professional safety officer up in arms."

"Oh very well, leave out the health and safety exemptions."

"But, Minister, we cannot relax the state monopolies or mayhem will break loose. . . ."

"But, Minister . . ."

The dialogue continues along these lines until the minister digs in his heels, fights a lengthy rearguard action, and manages to get the civil servants to agree to some relaxation of local zoning laws—albeit with many misgivings. Thus is the mouse born.

The essence of the original idea was the creation of special zones *selectively free* from the regulation which surrounded them. Its purpose was to show what untrammeled enterprise can achieve, and thus create pressure for setting that enterprise free elsewhere. What has finally emerged is a group of areas in which some taxes, especially local property taxes, are reduced for up to ten years. Accompanying these tax concessions is a trivial relaxation of local regulations governing building and use of property. The bill, like its U.S. counterpart, is conspicuously lacking in selective deregulation.

These zones, which have been termed "subsidy islands" by one commentator, do not show what unfettered enterprise can do. All they do is attempt to attract business away from other areas by lowering one of its costs on a temporary basis. They are dirigiste in conception, trying to locate industry where government wants it to be. Were they to succeed, they would show us merely that business prefers lower taxes and subsidies. We knew this already.

Quite clearly, the original bold proposal had been diluted beyond all recognition by successive applications of the 'But Minister . . .' syndrome

The zones will not succeed, however. The concessions they offer are so limited that business would find it more attractive to develop instead in the Republic of Ireland. The final form of the proposal for enterprise zones is neither bold nor imaginative; and it certainly is not new.

Offering tax holidays, write-offs, and subsidies to attract industry is an old game, played widely across Europe today. Many American firms have been beneficiaries. That most dirigiste of all Conservative governments, the Macmillan government, introduced, some twenty years ago, first "development areas" and then "growth points." These were areas of high unemployment and poverty, to be made more attractive to industry by (wait for it) tax holidays, write-off allowances, and subsidies. They

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were a blatant attempt to steer industry to places where it did not want to go, in the cause of social engineering.

They attracted some easily moved business, which came for the tax holiday and then left. They attracted some marginal business, unprofitable when paying normal taxes, but just viable at the lower rates. These went broke at the end of the concession period. The measures failed totally, giving us a good idea of their likely performance in the new guise. It is significant that the young innovators on the Conservative side are already disowning enterprise zones and discounting both their chances of success and their validity as a test of enterprise.

The young innovators on the Conservative side are already disowning enterprise zones and discounting both their chances of success and their validity

Gerald Frost, a former aide to Sir Keith Joseph at the Center for Policy Studies, says of the idea: "I always thought it would fall foul of the political process, and it has. The concessions are just not enough to turn round the depressed areas. The degree of deregulation both in Britain and the U.S. is quite insufficient."

John Blundell, a key figure as parliamentary officer for the National Federation of the Self-Employed and Small Businesses, describes himself as having "no confidence" in the future of the zones. He says, "The reliefs granted are minimal, and the future of the zones is not secure. It was a mistake, in any case, to regard free enterprise as so precious a commodity that it must be rationed to a few paltry zones. But *these* zones are not even concerned with enterprise. . . ."

There was a revealing incident at Cambridge during the summer, when the Treasury Minister, John Biffen, was roundly castigated by Peter Young, chairman of the Federation of Conservative Students, an official branch of the party. Young and the other students wanted to know why the enterprise-zone idea had been allowed to fail—why there was to be no room there for enterprise. Biffen's answer was to ask his audience how many of them would have liked to see a suspension in the zones of, for example, regulations governing health and safety. He seemed genuinely surprised at the chorus of assent he received in reply.

There is a deep concern that free enterprise should not be judged on what has emerged from the political process, which is no more than another clumsy attempt to direct the economy. The temporary attraction of marginal business to low-tax areas must not be equated with the unloosing of the restless talent and creative questing of human enterprise. People who support free enterprise must not be tricked into backing a proposal which, if it succeeds at all, will only succeed in redirecting industry into "desired" areas, and perhaps starting on a temporary basis businesses which would not be viable outside of the tax shelter.

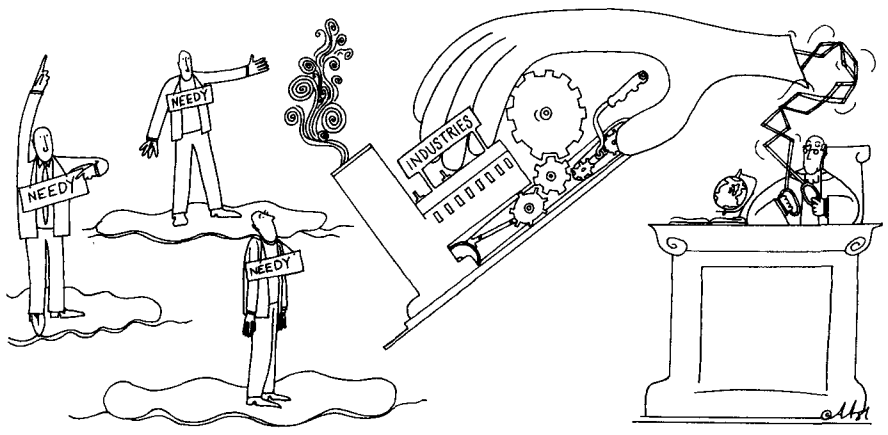
The short history of enterprise zones has not been without its benefits; like most histories, it has taught us moral lessons. In the first place it was probably naïve of us to think that the proposal would survive at the hands of politicians because of its intellectual merit. Intellectual merit cannot save an idea from those whose stock in trade is taking the path of least resistance. The politicians latched onto tax concessions, which they understand and have always dealt with, and they ducked the deregulation which is the essence of the proposal because this would mean assailing the entrenched interests.

Secondly, it was a mistake for us to suppose that it would be easier to fight for a small-scale experiment than for general relaxation of restrictions and controls. The enemy recognized the danger implicit in the design and opposed the trial as arduously as he would its wholesale introduction. On the other hand, the small experiment does not generate a large class of beneficiaries with which to counter this hostility. Experiment has a valid role, but it must be introduced with considerably more political subtlety than was shown with enterprise zones.

Looking back, we were behaving like socialists. We thought that one proposal would solve many of our problems. Without regard to the complexity of the political process, we were going to apply it like a panacea. Our enthusiasm did us credit, but had it been tempered by caution we might have achieved more.

Finally, we should have kept control of the idea for much longer before we let it go into the process of becoming law. If we had, we might have kept deregulation at the heart of it. We learn from our mistakes, however, and incorporate those lessons into future strategy. Now we shall advocate a free port, and hold it back from the legislative process until numerous conferences and studies have established deregulation as an implicit and essential aspect of it. The revolution goes on.

Meanwhile we are left with enterprise zones as a valueless, even harmful, exercise which is doomed to failure. But it was such a *brilliant* idea . . . □



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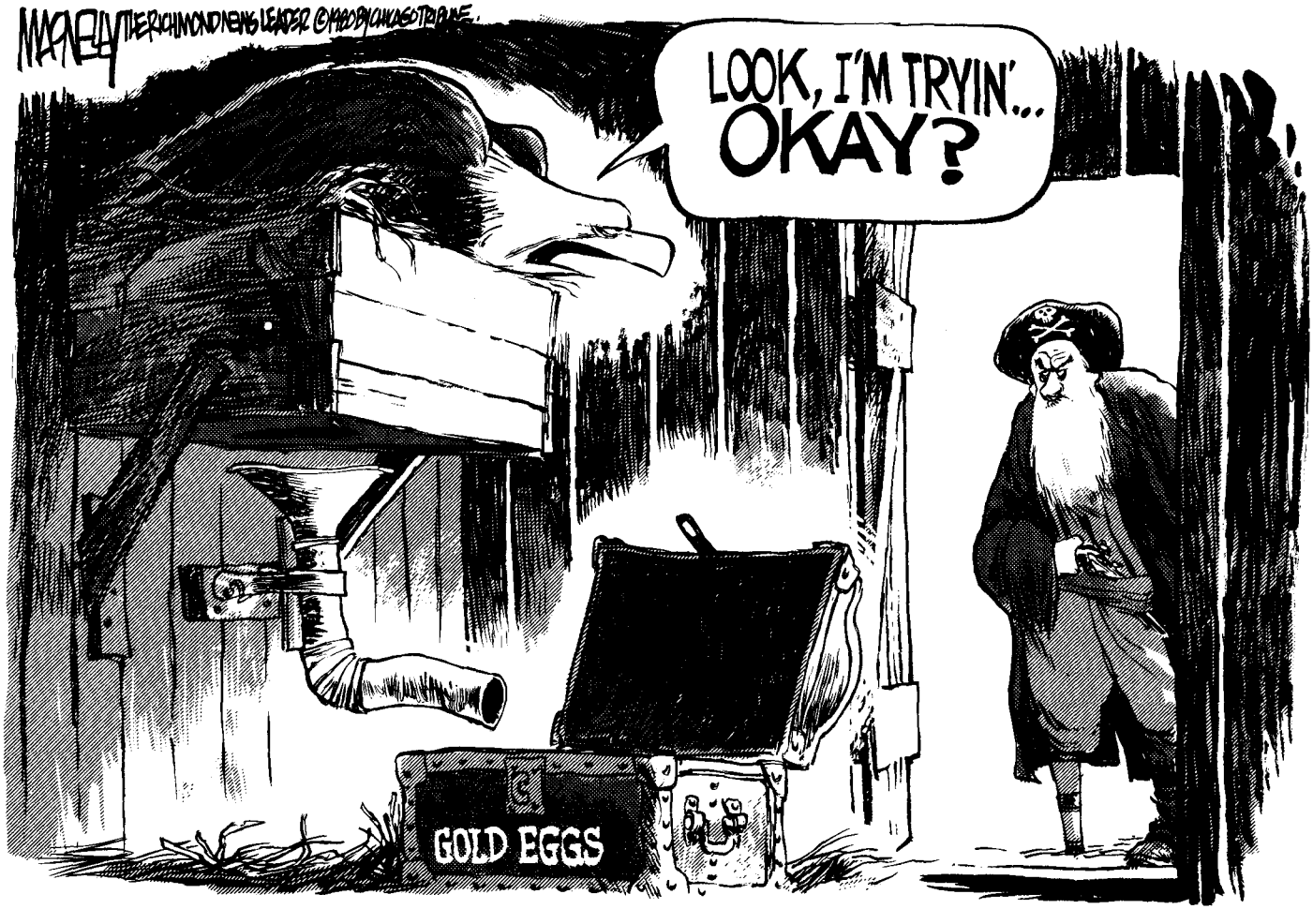
helo !!!!

Time Warp

Like the Dries who refused to retire
  After alcohol flowed in the street
Or the dandy in dated attire
  Still dispensing his *cartes de visite.*
Teddy Kennedy stands at his station
  Facing back toward the liberal past
With apparently no intimation
  That we're changing the play and the cast.

W. H. VON DREELE

"Strange little guy—he doesn't feel one way or the other about Nixon."



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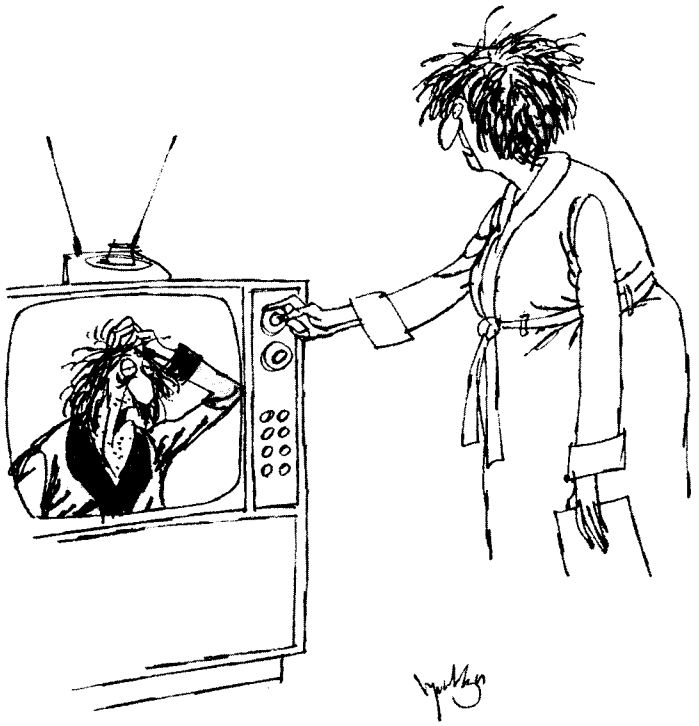
"Great news, Hobart. We're being funded by the National Endowment for the Arts."



"Good morning . . ."

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LETTER FROM WARSAW

Man of The Year

CHRISTIAN JELEN and JACQUES RENARD

WE MENACE no country, no alliance; we are not sapping the foundations of socialism in this country; we are not against socialism, but for a Polish socialism. We are putting our affairs in order, and we think we should be able to do so by our own methods. If anyone wants to intervene, let him, but I wouldn't recommend it."

It's dry, blunt. The language is clear, courageous. No room here for fear. At 37, Lech Walesa is formidably self-assured; he thinks, acts, and talks as the millions of Polish workers for whom he is the spokesman want him to; since last August he has been their representative, their hero.

On Sunday, August 31, at 4:35, the most famous Pole after the Pope sits down at a table in the great conference hall of the Lenin shipyards in Gdansk. Across the table from him is Deputy Premier Mieczyslaw Jagielski, 56, whose face is the color of his clothes, pale, very pale. Jagielski is bewildered: the keystone which holds a world in place is disappearing. "I pronounce the strike ended," says the man they are already calling King Walesa I.

It's an historic moment. For the first time, the right of a union to call a strike and to act independently has been recognized in a Communist country: a government delegation headed by a member of the Politburo, with the full authority of the state, has been obliged to negotiate, equal to equal, with a group of workers who have no legal existence; a state with all the weapons of oppression and a controlled press in its hands has been forced to conclude a pact with strikers before the cameras of Poland's national television; an independent power has been recognized by a power one of whose fundamental precepts is, precisely, the refusal to share power.

The accord signed, Walesa can savor his triumph without too much modesty. The men and women around him have tears in their eyes. They surround him; they cry "Leszek! Leszek!" and hand him bouquets of gladioli. "May he live a hundred years!" they cry. "Didn't I tell you to have confidence in me?" he calls back, radiant.

He has no doubts; he is convinced that he can't lose because he is fighting for "the cause of justice, of truth, and of the natural rights of man."

"Why do I succeed? Simply because I live the truth. I don't calculate. No matter what the system, if it is not based on truth, on morality, on honesty, it hasn't a chance. You cannot work against humanity. If you have a machine that doesn't work, you must repair it. This one, the Polish state, broke down in 1956, in 1970, and in 1976. If they can't repair it, they must change it. Where have the last 35 years led us? To a society of petty crooks, cheaters, tricksters, accommodationists. We must restore the morale of the nation. I have no power, I have only heart and faith. Every morning I go to Mass and receive communion. Why? Because that is the source of my strength. If I didn't have this profound faith, my head would explode. I pray to the Virgin Mary; to be sure, I think of her as the Queen of Poland."

THAT'S Lech Walesa; he's said it all.

One morning in late November we visit the offices of Solidarity, on the fifth floor of a former marine hostel, the Hotel Morski, at Wrzeszcz, on the outskirts of Gdansk. Perhaps Maria Komorowska, a bit long in the tooth but very Old Poland, should not have let us into the office of "Little Lech." But after all it is he who wants it this way; the door should be open to all, at all times. No barriers, on principle, so that he won't be cut off from the troops, so that he can hear what's going on. The result is catastrophic. Ten people, all talking at the same time, in a little room in which the bed has simply been replaced by a desk, between the wardrobe and a white wash basin with a dripping faucet. Walesa is curled up in an easy chair which is too low for him, hidden behind a cup of tea and a cloud of cigarette smoke. He is a chain-smoker. His voice is rasping, his gestures brusque; he sighs with weariness. A phone rings. His bodyguard, the burly Henryk, enters yelling: "Come to the phone. It's important."

"It's always important," Walesa replies, drily.

"Yes, but it's important for us, the workers of Gdansk."

Walesa gets up and disappears, visibly irritated.

It's our turn. "*L'Express*, Paris," we introduce ourselves. Handshake, forced smile. It's not going well. He replies too rapidly to our questions, without waiting for the end of them, without thinking.

"You said at the end of the strike . . ."

Messrs. Jelen and Renard are correspondents for the French weekly L'Express, *from which this article is reprinted.*

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"What I said is past; what counts is what I say now."

". . . that the second stage would be more difficult . . ."

"I didn't come here to garner laurel wreaths, but to work."

". . . and now what is going to . . ."

"Time will tell."

Emile Guikovaty takes over. He asks: "I would like to know how you can work in these conditions, constantly interrupted by everyone who walks in here. Why aren't you better organized?"

Lech has lost his feistiness. He calms down, tells of the difficulties he has had in organizing the union, the lack of experience, of cadres, of time.

"And I'm not a diplomat, I'm a tough fellow, a boor." His first smile, quickly erased.

"How many union members have you?"

"We don't have calculators and we have too few fingers to count them," he replies, again irritated. And now he interrogates us.

"Are you really our friends? Can we count on you under all circumstances? Is it true, what Solzhenitsyn says about the West, that you are so engaged in the pursuit of comfort that you have forgotten real values? That you retreat, ceding territory bit by bit, in order not to be menaced . . ." (He turns toward the East.) "Imagine a world in which there are only millionaires. Who will serve them?

"Why shouldn't a Polish worker have the right to happiness? Why shouldn't he become fully a man? Why are there so many chameleons, so many jackals?"

Maria Komorowska brings him a cup of coffee. "What have I to gain or lose from your visit?" he asks grumpily.

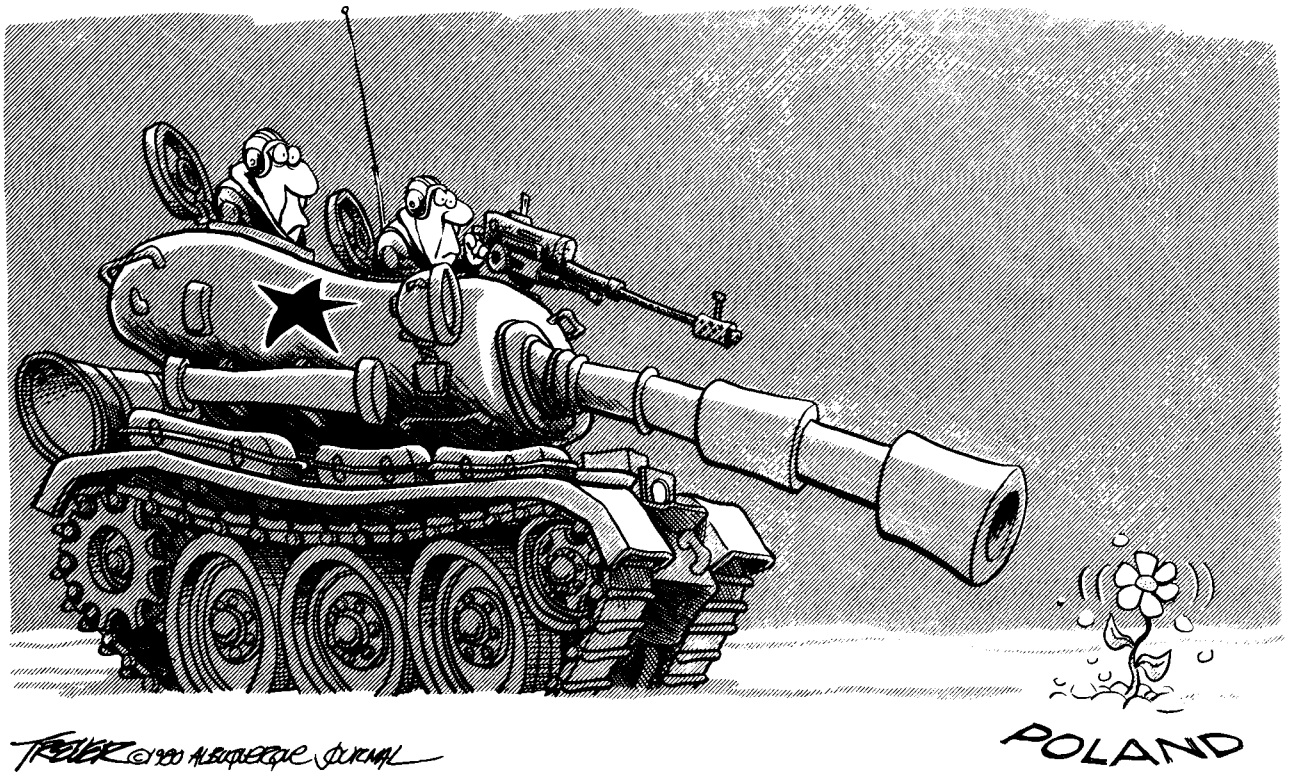
"I should rest more." His nerves are visibly frayed.

"I'm going to drive everyone out and close the door," she says maternally.

A second attempt, four days later, at Zaspa, a dreadful new town built on the former Gdansk airfield. In the middle of the monstrous waves of concrete which roll in from the Baltic and cut off the view, the old control tower looks like a windscreen. Part of the airstrip is still left in front of an apartment building which zigzags over more than half a mile and which houses ten thousand people. Lech Walesa lives not far away, in Pilotow Street ("Street of the Pilots"), No. 17 D, second floor, apartment three; he has six rooms, 1,220 square feet. His union friends forced him to take it in September, leaving the 278-square-foot apartment in which he had lived with his wife and six children. Before he moved, the *voivode* (prefect) of Gdansk had taken him on a three-hour car tour to offer him a choice of villas. "Evidently he refused them," says Father Bernard Zielinski, chaplain of students in Gdansk. "As he refused the cars and the money they offered him to put an end to his activities."

It's the good Maria who again puts us on his tracks. "Be in front of his apartment in a car about 7 A.M. He will leave at about 7:15 to go to church. You could drive him there. Mass is at 7:30 and it lasts half an hour. Bring him back to the house and you can have breakfast with him . . . Oh! Remember to bring some candy for the children."

Small heads are looking through the window at the car of the foreign journalists. Henryk, the gorilla, opens the door: "Don't stand out there in the cold. Come in." Walesa greets us warmly. "You are welcome," he says. He is relaxed, smiling. He makes the introductions. "My wife, Danuta." Quite round, her black hair cropped short, with Anna in her arms, the baby born during the strikes of last July, while her father was spending yet another 48 hours in prison. Leszek throws a ravishing rosy blonde doll into the air: Magdalena, two years old. He calls her "Princess."



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At the church, there are only Walesa and three old men among fifty or so shawled women. He is in the front row wearing a maroon fur-lined synthetic windbreaker.

Back to the house. We meet the children: four boys, the oldest of whom is 11, then the two girls. Lech himself has six brothers and one sister. Would he like more children?

"No, we're going to stop here."

"Will you use contraceptives?"

"I don't use them."

Danuta interrupts: "And you see the results" (laughter).

"But, Lech, if you don't want more children, how are you going to manage that?"

"It's going to be harder" (more laughter). Walesa devours his soup and lights his first cigarette.

"Has your wife never said, 'Listen, you have six children, you have been arrested a hundred times in the last ten years, could you not, perhaps, give up the fight?' "

"She tells me that all the time." Danuta protests: "That's not true. Only when I'm in a rage."

On the wall there is a picture of John Paul II. It was painted in the shipyard, during the strike, by a workman.

"How are your relations with the Church?"

"Very good. But the Church has its goals and I have mine."

"You have been criticized for including in the accords of Gdansk an acknowledgment of the primacy of the Party. Would it have been possible not to mention that?"

"No, and no! I am always working at the extreme edge of what is possible. A step farther and one falls into a trap. I couldn't permit that. My role is to keep the more radical among us from falling into these traps and also to fire up the more timid. I have got to make sure that we remain united. No one can say whether or not I am a radical."

"But which way does your true nature push you?"

"It pushes me to do what I do. If the entire movement became radicalized I would be the first to confront the tanks, but if the movement became soft, I would be the last to retreat."

THERE goes the telephone. The day is starting for him. It will end about midnight.

"Tired?"

"What can I do? I would so love to live in peace. Look at my wife's eyes. I would like to be inconspicuous, to have no one recognize me, to occupy myself with my children, my family. Once the union has been organized, after the elections, I will say: Thanks a lot, I have done my part. I will put on my blue work overalls, take up my tools, and once again become a simple laborer . . ."

Danuta shrugs her shoulders. "Stop telling such lies. Don't listen to him. He loves this, living in a state of agitation. He loves the risk."

During the disorders in the Baltic in 1970, Walesa was a member of the council of the Lenin shipyard. The strikers were "in a spasm of uncontrollable rage." They burned Party buildings, then moved into the street. The militia fired on them. Dozens of people were killed. On December 20 Edward Gierek succeeded Wladyslaw Gomulka as First Secretary of the Party.

At Gdansk, the revolt lasted only four days, not long enough for the workers to organize, but long enough for Walesa to make his mark. A comrade of those days recalls: "He talked well and he was not afraid of the brutes."

Walesa started to stir up the official unions. At first, the situation improved. Salaries went up. Stores had more food on the shelves. But this progress did not last. Gierek lost his bet. He wanted to modernize industry and increase exports, in order to earn the hard currency needed to buy consumer goods from the West. But the debts piled up, the cost of oil became more burdensome, enormous planning errors were made. By 1974-75 poverty had returned to Poland, and discontent with the regime was on the rise. In April 1976 a new increase in the price of meat provoked violent strikes at Radom and at Ursus. Gdansk was not directly affected. But Walesa, as a union delegate, drew up a list of demands. The managers of the shipyards don't like stubborn souls. They fired him, and no one came to his defense.

FROM 1976 to 1980 Walesa spent much of his time on the run. No sooner did he get a job in a factory than he would start upholding the rights of the workers there. He would regularly be called in and fired—and sometimes put in jail. But nothing changed his convictions.

In the fall of 1976 he got in touch with KOR, a committee that a dozen intellectual opposition leaders, among them Jacek Kuron, had founded to give medical, legal, and material help to workers under attack for having taken part in the strikes of that summer.

For Walesa and dozens of others who would be found four years later on nearly all the strike committees, KOR provided a formidable civic education. In a Poland still honeycombed by the political police, where organized activity is dangerous and in which fatalism and a sense of powerlessness reign, KOR initiates no political programs, issues no manifestos. What it does is call incessantly for the society to organize itself to strike back against the power of the state. Several thousand people have responded to these appeals. An office of mediation was founded, with bureaus in a number of cities. KOR helps the families of prisoners; it helps provide legal defense for those on trial; it supports amnesty petitions; it asks that those who have been fired be reinstated, and calls for respect for laws that the authorities pay no attention to.

Inevitably, KOR became a sort of information agency on repression. It started putting out underground bulletins which reached the West, and Radio Free Europe retransmitted this information to Poland.

Workers who were persecuted, isolated, and without the means to defend themselves became known through the aid of the intellectual opposition. They became linked in a friendship that culminated in 1980 in the immense movement whose name, Solidarity, was not chosen by accident. Now strong, these same workers would in turn protect KOR each time the state tried to label it an "anti-socialist," "gangster," or "provocateur" organization.

"KOR does not direct us," says Walesa, "it helps us." After the Helsinki agreements were signed in 1975, the Soviet Union accorded Poland—the traditional *enfant terrible* of the socialist world—the role of "showcase of detente." As opposed to what was going on in Russia and in Czechoslovakia, repression in Poland was hesitant, half-hearted. There were, to be sure, harassments, searches, short imprisonments. A Krakow student, Stanislaw Pyjas, was murdered.

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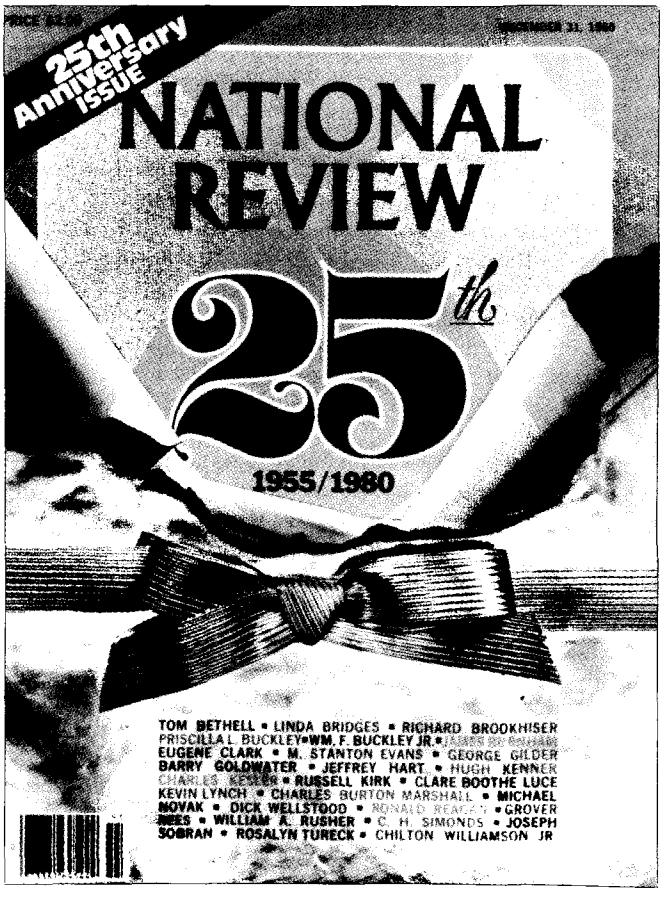
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But the opposition survived and grew strong; it became less and less clandestine about publishing its magazines and tracts. The effect of this would be seen in 1980 as the strike developed. The growth of the opposition proved that it was possible to resist the system.

And then there was the miracle: the election of John Paul II in 1978, and his incredible visit to Poland in June of 1979. Tens of millions of Poles, who up until this event had felt themselves completely isolated and alone, suddenly rediscovered their kinship. In a demoralized country where the average citizen was cynical about truth, scamped his work, drank, stole, had resigned himself to his fate, and saw the horizons of his life close in on him daily, a whole people suddenly recovered its dignity. No one got drunk, no one pushed in line, no one swore. A people was stupefied by its own discipline. The Pope's sermons on the rights and duties of man stirred the conscience of a people. They wept. They rediscovered solidarity. It was possible, they found through this experience, to act independently of the political authority.

This feeling of liberation gave rise to the attitude among the strikers that Western observers found so surprising: their total indifference toward the Party. Thus, on August 24, 1980, when Gierek announced an important reshuffling of the ruling cabal, the workers in the factories were generally unimpressed.

Walesa commented: "A change in personnel does not interest me. What I want is the freedom of the unions, and I don't care who negotiates that."

The idea of free unions didn't spring up miraculously in the summer of 1980. KOR had been trying since September 1977 to break the isolation of the individual worker by the publication of the bi-monthly *Robotnik* (*The Worker*). This was filled not with demagogic slogans but with hard facts: Who was on strike, and why? Who had won, and who had lost? The paper achieved a circulation of ten thousand.

When *Robotnik* was just a few months old, it printed some letters raising the question of free unions. The first to put the idea into practice was Kazimierz Switon, of Katowice, who would become the president of the strike committee of Silesia in September 1980. The idea also spread to the Baltic. There, in January 1979, the first issue of a new journal, *The Worker of the Coast*, was published, with the subtitle: "Organ of the founding committee of the free unions." Its editors are Lech Walesa, Andrzej Gwiazda, Anna Wlentinowicz, and Bogdan Borusewicz (all members of the Gdansk strike committee of 1980).

Walesa, meanwhile, was taking part in all the union meetings. In December 1978, on the eighth anniversary of the massacre of 1970, he was once again arrested, after making a speech in front of the Lenin works, protected by a phalanx of workers. People at that meeting were struck by Walesa's charisma, by his energy, his frank talk, his calls for courage on the part of the workers.

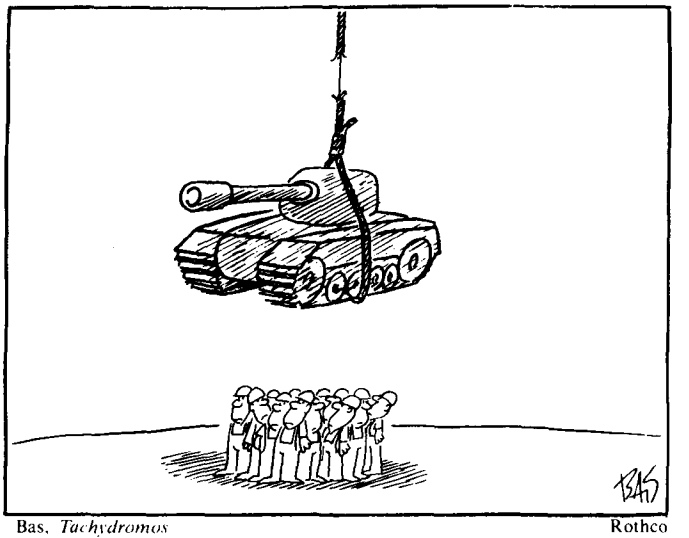
Each new stay in prison only spurred him on. In May of 1979 Walesa was fired from the Zremb factory—which did not prevent him, two months later, from signing (with 64 other "activists") a charter of workers' rights which *Robotnik* published in an edition of sixty thousand copies. "Strikes," it said, "are useful short-term weapons, but to make sure that the gains won through a strike are not subsequently lost, it is necessary to create free and independent unions. Only they will permit us to attain a power the authorities will not be able to ignore and with which they will have to negotiate on an equal footing." One finds in this charter most of the other demands of 1980: legalization of the right to strike, higher wages, curbs on censorship, the eight-hour work day, improved safety conditions at work. In a transparent allusion to the bloody events of 1970, it issued some words of advice for future militants: "Don't burn Party offices, found your own; don't take to the streets, closet yourselves in your own factories."

On December 16, 1979, addressing workers celebrating the ninth anniversary of the massacre of Gdansk, Walesa called for "the solidarity of all Poles in the fight for human rights with these murdered comrades," and issued a challenge: "Next year, on the tenth anniversary of these deaths, we will hold an immense meeting here and, if the repression continues, if our rights have not been granted, each of you will bring a stone and some cement and we will erect a monument to our martyrs."

This did not prove necessary. By the time of the tenth anniversary, three tall crosses of steel had been erected there, each bearing the anchor of the naval shipyards. These monuments were dedicated to the martyrs of 1970.

Lech still had enough time to be fired from yet another factory, Elektromontaz, for "fomenting troubles," and to be thrown in jail several more times, before he jumped over the wall of the Lenin works on August 14, 1980, at dawn, to lead the strike. Ten days later, First Secretary Edward Gierek would ask his aides: "But who is this mechanic?"

Walesa, it seems, committed only one tactical error. On Saturday, August 16, the management of the Lenin shipyard gave in on two of the workers' demands: the rehiring of those who had been fired for union activities (particularly La Pasionaria of the yard, the gentle and terrible Anna Wlentinowicz), and raises in pay. Walesa thought he had won enough. He seemed to have called off the strike. The workers started to move out of the yard which they had occupied for three days. It is then that Walesa ran up against opposition from the strike committee: the radicals wanted the strike to continue until the free union movement was recognized; others felt that workers elsewhere in Poland who had agi-



Bas, *Tachydromos* Rothco

Poland

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tated to show solidarity with the Gdansk strikers, and had gotten nothing out of the settlement, would feel betrayed.

Walesa bowed to their decision. He had underestimated these elements. The order to end the strike was rescinded. Too late? There were only a thousand workers left in the yard. But these were the toughs, the young workers, who wanted to carry matters further. It is they who would give the movement its strength and Walesa his stature as hero.

In his conversation Walesa shows that he has learned to be wily in his search for power. He talks of the traps that were laid for him, of the nature of the regime, of the directing role of the Party, and of Poland's adherence to the socialist community. He never mentions the USSR, knowing how weak the Party is and fearing that its dissolution might trigger Soviet intervention. He downplays his victories. "That bit of business is taken care of," he will say. He pays homage to Jagielski as "a good negotiator" and to Stanislaw Kania as "a sincere man." It's good strategy; he can distinguish what is possible from what is not. He strives to find a balance between passion and wisdom.

CARRIED ON THE shoulders of his bodyguard, before a crowd, alone among the workers, facing the representatives of the international press or of the state, Walesa repeats that political questions do not interest him. He knows that certain aspects of the system can be modified, but must not be talked about. Theoretically, Communism and pluralism are incompatible. In practical terms, however, the Party and the Church, private agriculture and state farms, the official press and the clandestine press, coexist. This pluralism can be extended, on condition that the Communist principle, "What has not been said does not exist," is applied.

Does he believe that Marxism can cohabit with freedom? "What's that to me?" he replies. Won't there be a power struggle between the free unions and the official union? "Don't ask me to answer those theoretical questions," he replies. "I am a workman." Doesn't he realize that the demands he is making leave the state with little room to maneuver? "I understand what we are asking," he says. "I am quite willing to work for a plate of soup, but on condition that I can say what I think."

The people are tired of lies. During the insurrection of 1970, the workers declared that they were willing "to work for a plate of soup provided they were told no more lies." "No bread without liberty" was the slogan in Poland and Hungary in 1956, and it was adopted in 1968 by the students in Warsaw and played a large part in the Prague Spring.

Even when bread serves as the detonator, there is always the question of liberty as East Europeans consider how they are to get that extra bread. This is the source of the basic demands of Walesa and his comrades: a lessening of censorship, access to the media, legalization of strikes, independent unions. The priority: to forge a public opinion that would force the state to rectify its errors before they become irremediable. "When we have reached agreement on the question of the free unions, everything will have been resolved," Walesa told Jagielski during the strike.

Walesa is the spokesman for a new working class, young, intelligent, cultivated, and conscious of its place in society. During the first meeting between the strike committee and the government delegation, they asked the Deputy Premier his position on the workers' demands.

Jagielski: "Permit me to answer in a general manner . . ."

Walesa: "No. We want a concrete reply. Point by point."

Jagielski and his aides were stumped. Each time they said "As you know . . ." the response was, "That's just it, I don't know." "As you must understand . . ." "But I don't understand."

What a shock to the officials! To them, the worker is a robot: not there to discuss things. He opens his mouth only to drink vodka.

Before the strike there were a million alcoholics in hospitals, and five million chronic alcoholics in Poland's working class. In addition, three million went to work drunk every day. The sale of alcohol had doubled since 1970. Vodka is the only product that is never in short supply in the stores. On the first day of the strike Walesa ordered that there be no liquor in the plants and factories. And a miracle took place. No one drank. The workers had found heart.

This order of Walesa's went into effect everywhere. At Katowice, young workers confiscated any vodka that was brought into the factories and ostentatiously broke the bottles. At Wroclaw the strike committee demanded that authorities close the bars. The Party refused. But the distributors of vodka cut off the supply. Use of alcohol is down an estimated 80 per cent.

The intelligentsia was filled with admiration for a working class mature enough to demand and make stick an order against drinking: a working class that had become a vanguard, that took seriously the slogans of power.

IT'S HARD to predict how this adventure of Walesa and his comrades will end. The signing of the accords of Gdansk and the legalization of Solidarity have confirmed that a Communist government will not make concessions unless it has a pistol at its temple. But the meeting of the Plenum also showed that certain leaders of the Party have recognized that the system is flawed.

Are they sincere, do they really hope to democratize state functions, or are these only temporary concessions until such time as the Party can return to its dictatorial ways? These discussions within the Party have won a little time: for the unions to strengthen their organization and for the state to learn the language of negotiation and to adapt to institutional changes.

The unknown factor is the Soviet Union, which is confronted with a delicate situation. If it permits the experiment to continue, there is the chance that the liberalization will prove contagious in the other Eastern satellites. But if Russia intervenes in the heart of Europe, under the eyes of the West, and not in some remote Afghanistan, the repression will have to be bloody. The Poles will resist with the help of the Church and, probably, of part of the Army.

From the Soviet point of view, the alternatives are equally dangerous. Certainly it is difficult to imagine the Kremlin allowing a breach in its empire. Nonetheless it is true that courage and determination have always constituted an effective shield against the Soviet menace. And Walesa and the Polish people have, for the past three months, given impressive witness to their ability to resist. □

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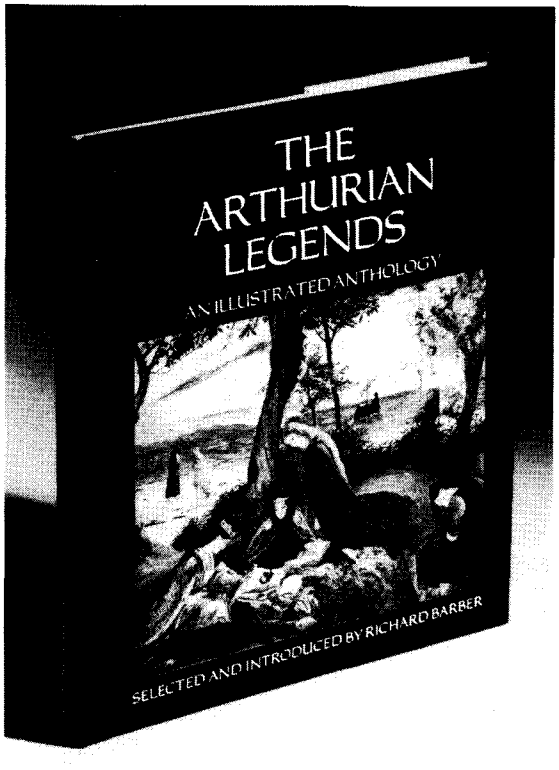

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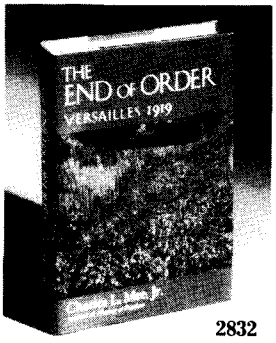

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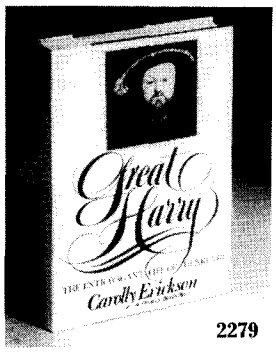

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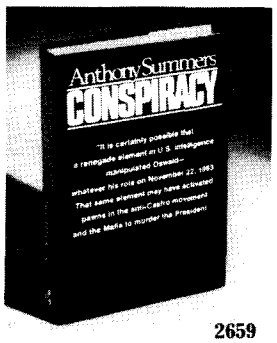

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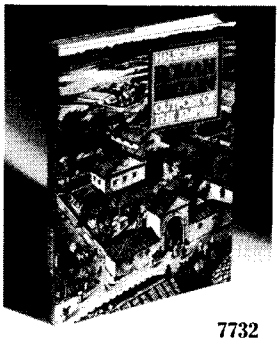

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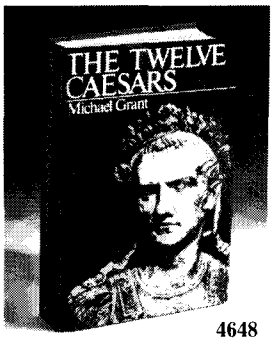

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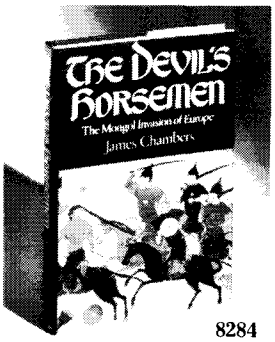

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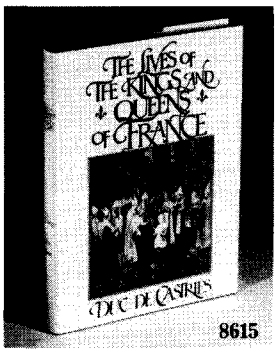

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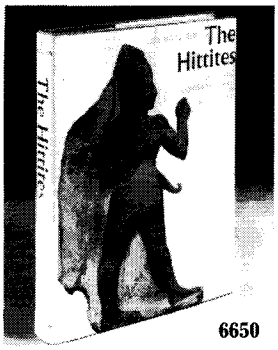

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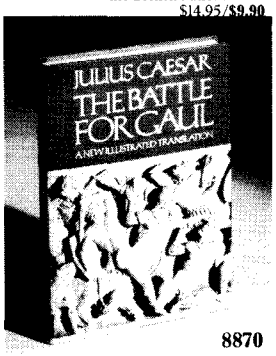

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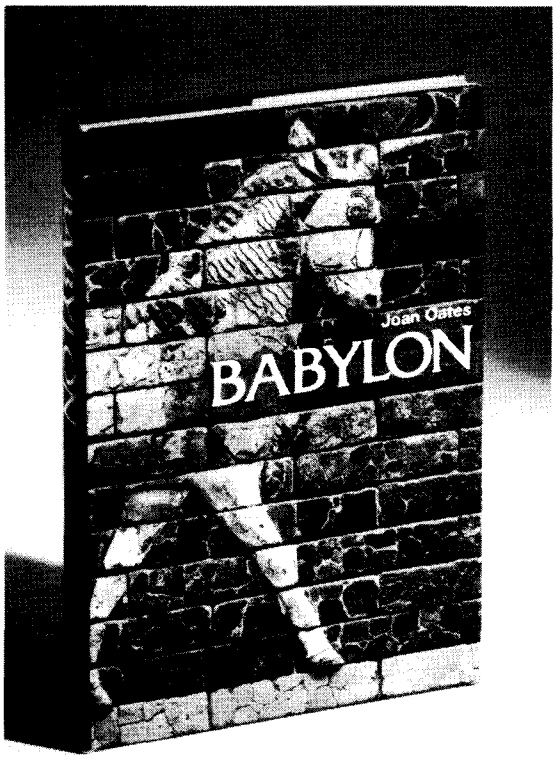

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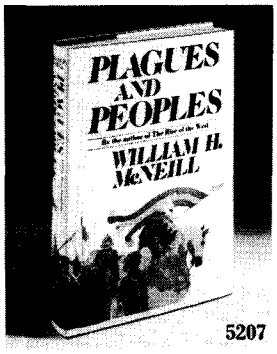

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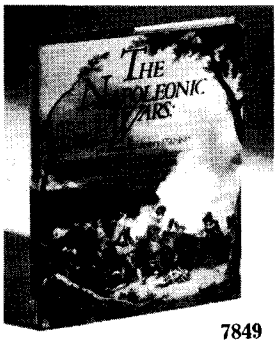

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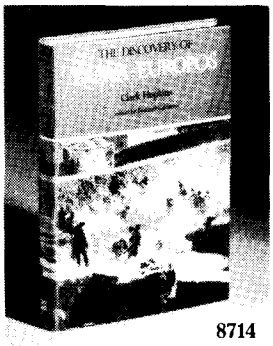

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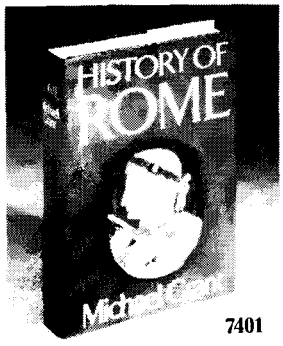

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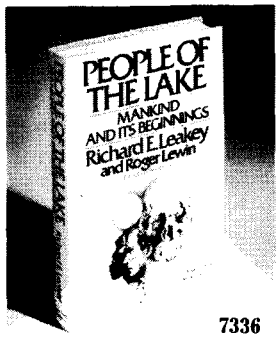

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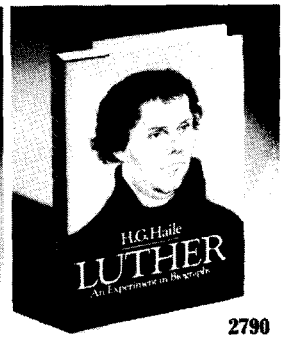

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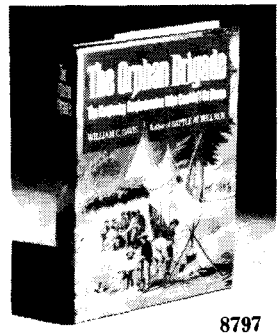

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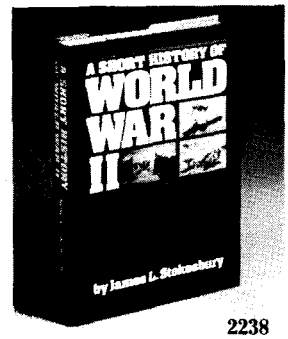

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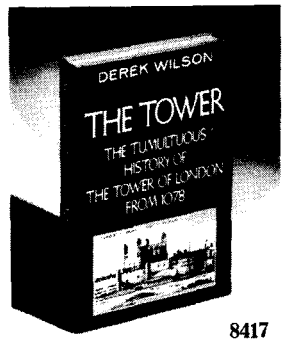

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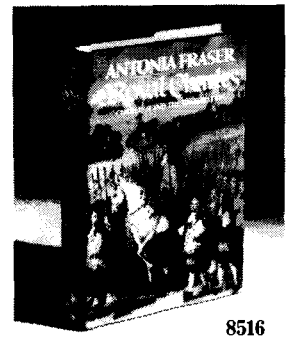

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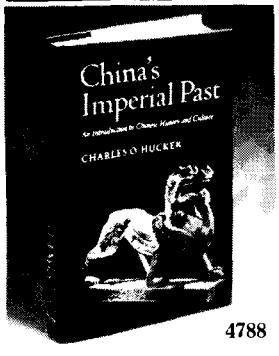

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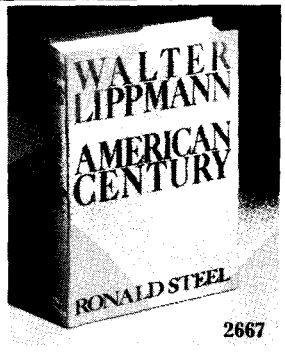

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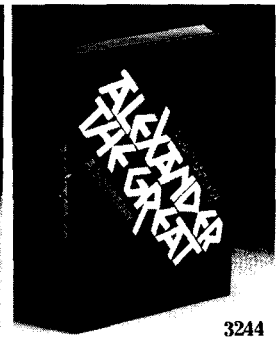

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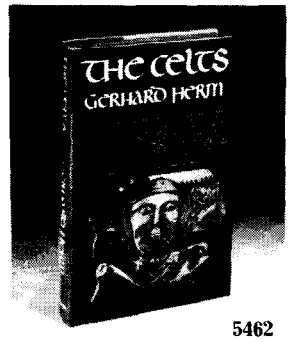

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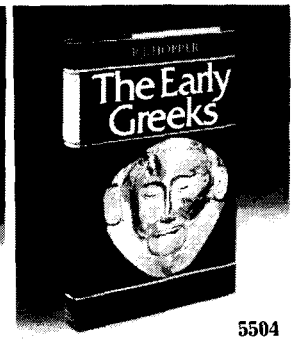

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Europe Looks at Reagan

From the Continent

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

EUROPEANS AWAITED the outcome of the American election with a mixture of confusion and anxiety. The anxiety is not surprising, since everyone knows that the U.S. is, for better or for worse, and despite protestations to the contrary, the guardian of the Free World. Germany is but a truncated fragment of its former self, portions of it occupied by Soviet troops; Britain is verging on bankruptcy; France is paralyzed by domestic dissension; Japan is militarily impotent. Europeans therefore cast a watchful eye on the presidential elections in the country which, since 1945, has controlled the destiny of Europe.

In addition to anxiety, there is perplexity stemming from the great differences in political systems on either side of the Atlantic. Europeans and Americans view the political spectrum differently, and visiting Americans have difficulty explaining to Europeans the distinction between a liberal Republican and a conservative Democrat. Structurally, the American Constitution provides that the head of state and head of government are the same person, endowed with powers that have no equivalent in the Old World west of the Iron Curtain. The Senate has much more power than the upper house of any European legislature; and proportional representation does not exist in the U.S. Congress.

The American Constitution, as designed by the Founding Fathers, was conceived in the great Western tradition of mixed government, consisting of monarchical, elitist, and populist elements. The first six Presidents of the United States were of the elite, and elitists in principle, but the French Revolution and the ideology of egalitarianism it spawned came to have an increasing impact on American politics after 1828, in the form of a Jacksonian democracy not anticipated by the Founders. Over the course of time the quality of American Presidents declined to the point where, when James Bryce, ambassador to the United States from Great Britain, published his classic *The American Commonwealth* in 1888, one of its chapters was entitled "Why Great Men Cannot Be Chosen President." Interestingly, the one recent President whom most Europeans would exclude from that rule is the one most lowly regarded in his own country, Herbert Hoover. Many a European owes his health if not his life to this man. That he presided at home over the Great Depression is regarded here as a misfortune, not as his personal failure.

THROUGHOUT the 1980 campaign, President Carter got a terrible press, taking blows alternately from the Right and the Left. Governor Reagan, still an unknown quantity over here, received a certain amount of applause from the Right, not so much for his own qualities but because it was felt that his advisors and associates were better than Carter's and that he was prepared to take a firmer stand against the Soviets. Reagan's age, which so animated the American press, was scarcely noticed in Europe, which saw Clemenceau preside over the Paris Peace Conference at age 78, and Adenauer enter national politics in his late seventies.

In the United States this year, we have seen the resurgence of the Right and the reappearance of that old hobgoblin of American politics, the Church-State issue. This election has introduced a new wrinkle, however. Up to now, it is the Catholics who have been accused of plotting to establish a theocracy. The nation was abuzz with the issue in the election of 1928, when the Catholic former governor of New York, Al Smith, was the Democratic nominee. Rumors flew that the Holland Tunnel, then being dug between New York and New Jersey, was going to be extended under the Atlantic Ocean directly to the basement of the Vatican. Al Smith, who was irrepressible, told the press on the day following Hoover's victory that he had sent a one-word telegram to the Pope in Rome: "Unpack."

This year, it was the Protestants who were given the demonizing treatment, as the Moral Majority sent liberals howling to their typewriters to denounce the coming inquisition. A few weeks before the election, the "Humanists," a group that, politically, ranges widely, but whose members have in common a commitment to agnosticism or atheism, published a lengthy manifesto bitterly criticizing the current religious revival and testifying to their own continuing devotion to reason, free inquiry, and justice. (Among the signers were Sidney Hook, B. F. Skinner, and Francis B. Crick.) Since the World Council of Churches never seemed to agitate the humanists to this degree, one can only conclude that their objection is to right-wing political activity on the part of churches, not to *all* political activity. But Protestantism has finally begun to protest. The new robust religious activity in America is a power to be reckoned with, and it's time the humanists accepted the fact that religion and morals, morals and politics, are inextricably intertwined; they cannot be separated—nor should they.

During the summer of 1980, Western Europe was in a mood of deep despondency. Events since then have lifted spirits considerably. The Polish strikes proved that great courage still exists behind the Iron Curtain—even if only for the moment—and the outcome of the U.S. elections has given Europeans new hope for the future. The lack of confidence in "Jimmy" was so profound that many European leaders had begun to write off the United States altogether, and go it alone in international relations. That toothy smile, the small, blinking eyes staring timidly into a hostile and incomprehensible world, made America's allies profoundly uneasy. But the suspicion that the United States would abandon Europe in a crisis is now abating. Chaotic, castrated Europe knows one thing for sure, that the Soviet Union understands the uses of force. It remains to be seen if America's new President does too. □

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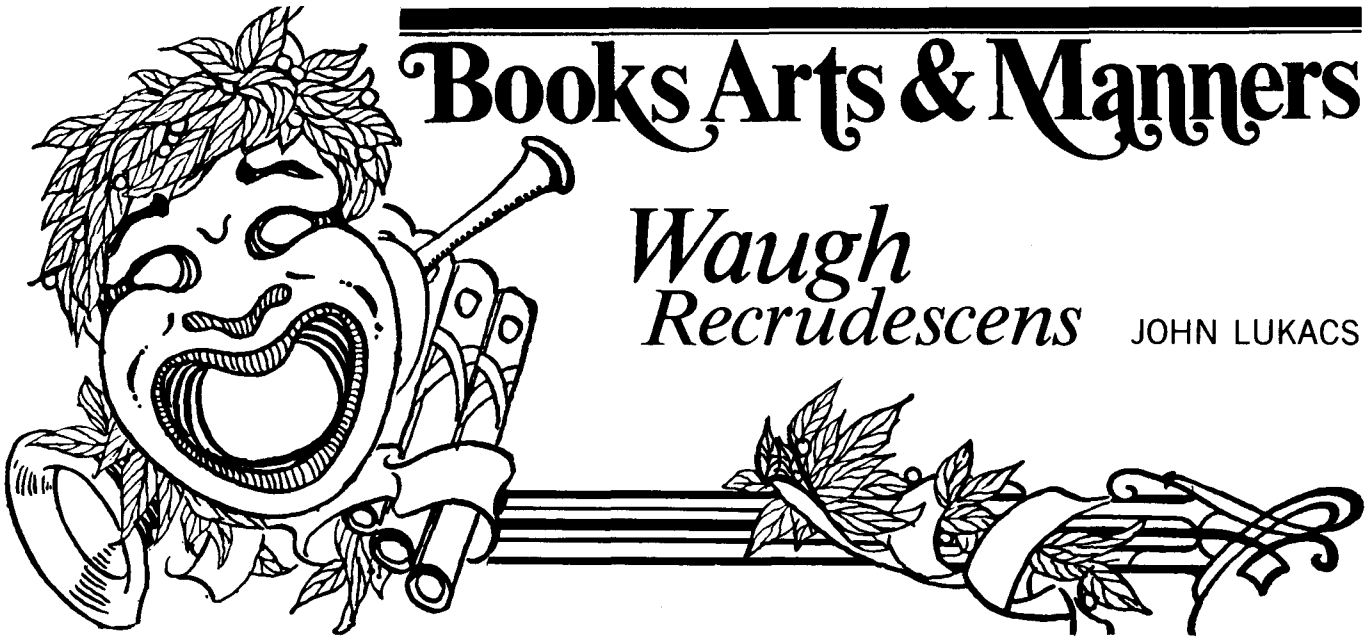

Books Arts & Manners

Waugh Recrudescens

JOHN LUKACS

IT IS NOW almost 15 years since Evelyn Waugh died, and his prose is as fresh as ever. Even more unusual is the fact that during these years his reputation has risen steadily. His books are reissued by various publishers—in itself an unusual occurrence, especially in these hard times of publishing. Now we have an expansive edition of his letters which has been praised virtually without exception.

There are all kinds of reasons for Waugh *recrudescens*. His reputation as a first-rate comic genius is perhaps the least of these reasons. It is for this reason, and for this reason alone, that he is appreciated by men such as John Kenneth Galbraith who have nothing in common with Waugh's vision of the world. But this is not enough. The body of Waugh's writing proves that he was more than a comic or ironic or satirical genius. How about *Brideshead Revisited*, for example? *Brideshead* may be one of the great English novels of this century. It is the litmus-paper of one's estimate of Waugh. You may not think it is his best; but if you leave it out you may as well leave Waugh alone. The pat solution and the easy way out, especially for certain American critics who had nothing but distaste for Waugh's religion and for his view of the world, was that *Brideshead* was an excursus, or a sorry example of Waugh in his decline (Edmund Wilson called it "shameless . . . the novel is a Catholic tract") —as if there had been two Waughs, the satirical agnostic Waugh of the Twenties and early Thirties and the insufferable Catholic Waugh of the Forties and after. But there is a consistency in Waugh's vision of the world which is palpable in books as various as *Vile Bodies* or *A Handful of Dust* or *Brideshead Revisited* or *Officers and Gentlemen*—as well as in his diaries and in his letters. The style and the scope may differ, but the purpose of the expression remains the same. It is the very opposite of the French adage, *C'est le ton qui fait la musique*. In fact, *c'est la musique qui fait le ton. C'est la musique*, not the handling of the language or the comic nerve or the mastery of vocabulary which qualifies Waugh as a serious writer. He is not merely a better comic writer than, say, Joseph Heller or S. J. Perelman. He is something else.

For one thing, Waugh was a rightist and a reactionary. My point is not only that Waugh was a better (by which I mean, more enduring) writer than, say, E. M. Forster, but that he was very different, too, from pro-Fascists and anti-Leftists such as Pound or Hamsun or Drieu la Rochelle or Wyndham Lewis—not because he was more moderate but because he was more of a reactionary than they were. He saw both deeper and wiser than those who saw in Mussolini or Hitler the champion of a struggle against a world in decay, even though he understood the nature of that decay very well. His reactionary view of the world was not merely an attitude, and it had little to do with political choices.

WHAT were some of the elements in his view of the world? A faith in God which was not only stronger than a faith in man but which included the comprehension that the two cannot be *entirely* separated; an understanding that the knowledge of the depravity of human nature is not enough (this is what separates Waugh from Céline, with the result that Waugh's humor, unlike his mischief, is not necessarily black); a faith in a code of conduct which is noble rather than humanitarian, and self-sacrificing rather than merely brave; a belief in original sin which can be forgiving but which has surely nothing to do with evolution; a strict and narrow faith (faith, rather than trust) in heredity rather than in environment; an understanding that what people think and what they believe, even more than their material conditions, form their actions and their character. The opposites of these beliefs have become so evidently bankrupt, perhaps especially during the 14 years following Waugh's death, that this is reason enough why more and more people are recognizing his genius.

John Lukacs's *latest book is* Philadelphia: Patricians and Philistines, *to be published in March by Farrar, Straus. . . .* **Ben Martin** *is a professor of political science at the University of Missouri-Kansas City. . . .* **Ellen Wilson** *is a contributing editor of* The Human Life Review.

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So much for the political Waugh; but now we come to the personal Waugh, who could be very difficult. Here was a man who in his demeanor as well as in his writing assumed the social position of an *arbiter elegantiarum* but who looked, as time went on, more and more like a parvenu bookmaker, with his W. C. Fields nose and his thick Victorian clothes. Here was a man who maintained, and who felt compelled to express, his most hopelessly categorical prejudices against Jews (more, against anyone who he thought had Jewish blood in his veins), and yet who could write with great respect, sadness, and solicitude about Jewish refugees in Yugoslavia toward the end of the Second World War. Here was a man who lived in the West Country like an Old Tory squire, this thoroughly urban person who had not the slightest interest in or feeling for fields, animals, crops, or plants. Here was a man whose historical interests were in the remote past and whose political opinions were often wrong, and yet who saw through Tito's Communists as early as 1944, and through Joseph McCarthy in 1954, and through Küng in 1963. Here was a man who trumpeted his dislike of Americans but who wrote instantly to the publicity woman of Simon & Schuster who had sent him *Catch-22*: "This exposure of corruption, cowardice, and incivility of American officers will outrage all friends of your country (such as myself) and greatly comfort your enemies." Here was a man who was lionized by Italians after having written *Black Mischief* but who ten years later had the courage to walk out of a confessional in a church in Alexandria when the sly Italian priest attempted to wheedle military information out of him. (After that, he had the priest arrested.) Here was a man who loathed intellectuals, and yet who would recognize talent no matter where it came from, and who took it upon himself to reply with kindness and insight to all kinds of writers who had sent their works to him. Here was a man who thought that nationality was far more important than economics but who never had a good word for the lower classes of his own race. Here was a man who loved his wife with admirable loyalty and tenderness, and yet the role of *paterfamilias* would accord neither with his temperament nor with his aspirations. A mere catalogue of his contradictions would fill an article three times this size.

He was not a triumph of character. There was nothing Johnsonian in him. He was snobbish, cantankerous, cruel, self-indulgent, malicious . . . because he wasn't at peace with himself. This condition was assuaged by his conversion; but it was not eliminated by it. ("I always think of myself; I know I am awful. But how much more awful I should be without the Faith."—Letter to Edith Sitwell.) In his personal life and in his preferences there appeared a kind of duality and even a certain regressiveness. He developed more and more of a penchant for Victorian paintings, Victorian furniture, Victorian surroundings; and even his attitude to Catholic doctrine (which does not, of course, exhaust the essence of belief) had something repressive and Victorian about it. He had a capacity for charity; but he could not and would not resist either the temptations or the pleasures of malice. He would write kind words to someone and a day or so later write scathingly about him in his diary or in a letter to someone else. He was a man of considerable pride; but there were occasions when his attitude to certain men and women of the aristocracy came close to fawning. His main fault was ingratitude, which appeared in his closest relationships as well as in his broader concerns. (Winston Churchill had helped Waugh to get a suitable military berth in 1939. Yet to a friend he wrote when Churchill died: "He is not a man for whom I ever had esteem. Always in the wrong, always surrounded by crooks, a most unsuccessful father—simply a 'Radio Personality' who outlived his prime. 'Rallied the nation' indeed! I was a serving soldier in 1940. How we despised his orations.") Whatever Churchill's shortcomings, Waugh ought to have known that had it not been for Churchill, Hitler would have won the war and Waugh, at best, would have had to flee to the United States—a fate which for him would be worse than death . . . or so he would say.

He was aware of the disharmony of his nature. The wonder is that the equilibrium he failed to find within himself is there in his letters. This very equilibrium was a brilliant *tour de force* which he sustained till the end. During the Fifties he had serious troubles; the quality of his books was still good but some of their verve, as well as much of his appetite for life, was gone. Yet there he was, this self-professed reactionary Catholic, entirely at odds with the modern

RANDOM NOTES

■ MORE JANUARY TITLES: *Ways of Escape* (Simon & Schuster, $12.95), by Graham Greene, is the successor to Greene's autobiographical *A Sort of Life*. The present book begins where the first ended, with the publication of the author's first novel. . . . Anthony Powell's *Faces in My Time* (Holt, $13.95) is the third volume of *his* autobiography, following *Infants of the Spring* and *Messengers of Day*. . . . *Cosima Wagner* (Harper, $15.95), by George R. Marek, is the first biography in years to be written of the wife of the composer.

For the Record: Selected Statements, 1977-1980 (Little, Brown, $12.95) is a collection of Henry Kissinger's pronouncements upon various matters of foreign policy since he last held public office, under the Ford Administration. . . . Cynthia Helms's *An Ambassador's Wife in Iran* (Dodd, Mead, $12.95) has little to say that is of interest about political and diplomatic affairs during the period that her husband, Richard Helms, was U.S. Ambassador in Teheran. Helms served in that capacity until 1977.

American Genesis: The American Indian and the Origins of Modern Man (Summit, $11.95), by Jeffrey Goodman, argues that the familiar theory according to which human beings came to America across the Bering Strait 12,000 years ago neglects much recent evidence, which suggests instead that there have been people in the Americas for thirty to fifty thousand years. . . . Richard A. McCormick's *How Brave a New World? Dilemmas in Bioethics* (Doubleday, $14.95) considers the ethical problems which birth control, fetal control, and genetic experimentation entail. McCormick, a Jesuit, teaches Christian ethics at Georgetown University.

In *The Seventies: The Decade That Changed the Future* (Stein and Day, $16.95), Christopher Booker gathers together 48 of his essays, most of them published previously in British journals. Booker dislikes Arthur Koestler and David Frost, is high on Pope John Paul II and Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn: he calls the latter's Harvard Commencement address "the most interesting and important public utterance" of the decade. —CW

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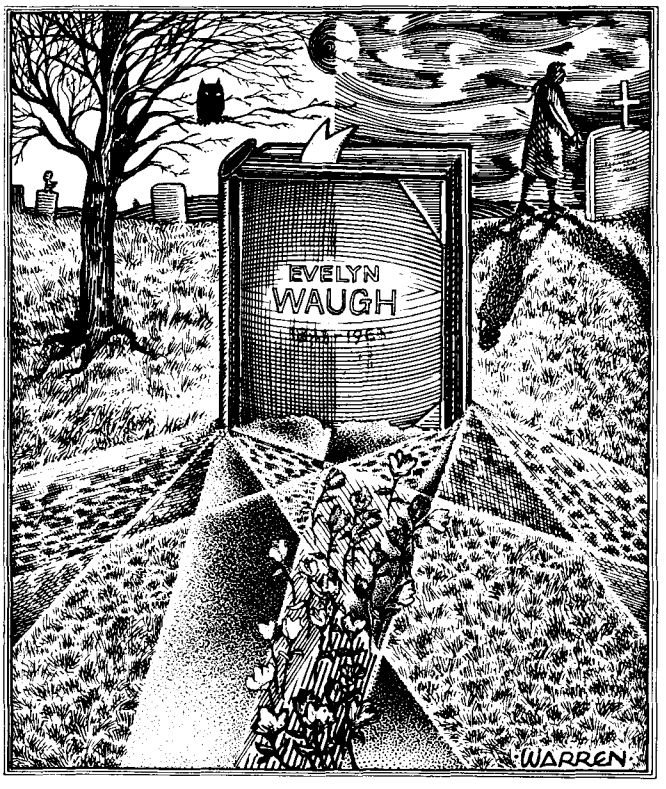
world, trumpeting his complaint that no one would set the clock back—and writing racy letters in the idiom of the Twenties, indeed, in a kind of super-modern idiom, better than that of the Twenties. He was in his fifties, then in his sixties, gloomy and preternaturally old; but he kept on writing the wittiest of letters to his friends: worldly, smart, glistening.

In spite of his wife and family he was a lonely man. His correspondence answered a deep personal need. There are people who have this need, who are compulsive correspondents; but this does not guarantee that their letters won't be boring. Waugh was a craftsman and an artist. He enjoyed dashing off those brilliant letters. Letter-writing can be, of course, a form of selfishness. Yet Waugh's letters were not particularly selfish. They were written with the addressee in mind. As others have noted, his letters are much better than his diaries, one (but only one) of the probable reasons being that he wrote his letters in the morning and his diaries at night when he had drunk a lot and dosed himself with strange Victorian medicines. It is interesting how many of his favorite correspondents were women: smart women and chic women, women like Nancy Mitford, often of very different political or ideological persuasions which Waugh forgave them while he would seldom forgive them to men. Waugh was, of course, a romantic. He could idealize women (in many of his books the most attractive persons are certain women); and, unlike most Anglo-Saxon writers, not to speak of regressive Catholics, he understood women quite well. The spirit of the Twenties, when he was young, out of funds, suffused with social ambitions, and at times hopelessly in love with elegant young women in London, his *princesses lointaines*, lives and flares up in his letters in the Fifties when he was getting decrepit, corpulent, gloomy.



Yet his letters are as good as before, if not better. He writes often, almost compulsively, asking for all kinds of gossip (to Cyril Connolly: "I suffer much from lack of a pen pal in London now that Nancy has left. If you ever have an idle twenty minutes & a stenographer handy do dictate a page of social gossip"). He thought he was among the *gratin*, the *crème de la crème*, the best. He indulged in this illusion on many a morning, at his desk. But was it an illusion? His writing made it a reality. He was in contact with the smartest of women in the great cities of the world. They were expecting his letters every day.

WAUGH was magnanimous and narrow-minded, he was generous and petty, he was humble and snobbish, just as he was sober and drunk during the same day and, I am inclined to think, often at the same moment, which may be a physical impossibility but not necessarily a mental one. He was, at any rate, quite conscious of his contradictions. Anyone who will try to get at the "real" Waugh by psychoanalysis will be a fool. It is not only that Waugh knew himself fairly well; it is that his contradictions, and his knowledge of them, were on the level of his conscious mind. To put this in other terms: whatever Waugh suppressed in himself is not worth talking or thinking about (this includes his early inclinations to homosexuality, an illustration of the case that homosexuality, especially in England, has been an acquired, not a congenital, vice, entangled as it is with snobbery, social ambitions, and an excessive preoccupation with male good looks—something that Waugh understood very well).

What is interesting is how Waugh came out of the Twenties: for it is here that we may find the unique character of his vision. Until the end of the Twenties his development was not very different from that of certain sensitive, worldly, clever Englishmen and Englishwomen of that period. Their reaction against the thickness of the hypocrisy and against the puritanical tones of Victorianism was more definite and more extreme than what happened in the Twenties (which was the last really "modern" decade) in France or in Germany or even on this side of the Atlantic. The reason for this reaction is complicated, and, despite the enormous literature about the Twenties and about some of its representative figures, perhaps only the surface of it has been scratched; but of course that surface was quite a thing. Waugh, like the Bright Young (and sometimes not so bright, and sometimes not so young) Things—at any rate, like the smart young women and smart young men in the Twenties in England—behaved and talked and, what is most important, *thought* along ways that were consciously opposite to the accepted modes and thought-patterns and verities before the war.

Now what happened after the Twenties—and the Depression, contrary to accepted ideas, was not the cause of this change, only a contributory element to it—was that this shiny, superficially hard, modern view of the world did not, because it could not, last. There was not enough oxygen, not enough substance. During the following decade certain intellectuals turned to the Left, taking up Communism or Socialism, especially in England and the United States, in a belated development. Other, usually more original, writers and thinkers turned Fascist or at least pro-Fascist. Waugh, after his catastrophic first marriage, embraced the Roman

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Catholic Church. He had no particular interest in or sympathy for Fascism. What is unique and instructive in his case is that he, even before the fizzing out of the Twenties and well before his conversion, saw through the sometimes laughable, sometimes diabolical, amoral posturing of the Twenties. He made fun not only of the philistines and the pharisees of virtue; he made fun of the philistines and the pharisees of vice. He recognized the kind of dishonesty which followed the era of hypocrisy: during the latter, vice had been inclined to pay tribute to solid virtue, whereas now people were inclined to pay tribute to fashionable vice. He was ahead of, and not merely behind, his times. His reactionary views were not merely regressive (even though on occasion he did not mind saying they were).* In spite of his Victorian side, neither his thought nor his writing could be called pre-modern. He was one of the earliest, if not the earliest, post-modern writers in twentieth century Britain—indeed, in the English-speaking world.

In sum, he is not only someone who can be wonderfully entertaining; he is someone who has something to tell us, because of (and not merely despite) his reactionary and post-modern view of the world.

Of course he was very funny. This collection of letters is full of him at his funniest. His sense of humor was never calculated, it welled up from within, and it sought outlets instantly. His elegant correspondents notwithstanding, the funniest letters—interspersed with the tenderest of passages—are often addressed to his wife. One of the funniest (perhaps the funniest) is the one on p. 161, referred to by Clive James in his excellent review of the *Letters* in *The New York Review of Books*. (They printed this review, as a lead article. Wonders will never cease.) At times sentences appear, thrown off with ease, that are as good as a Wildean epigram. (To his wife in 1943: "I have taken a room of very great squalor in Ebury Street. The sort of room a genius should inhabit before he is recognized, not after.") James writes that Waugh "narrowed his mind in order to widen his gaze"—a fine phrase, not devoid of truth, but perhaps not entirely satisfying. Waugh's preferences were narrow; his mind was not.

The editor of these letters, Mark Amory, did an excellent job. He selected 840 of perhaps 4,500 extant. Among recipients of Waugh's letters, "of those that predeceased Waugh the most difficult to track down were Roman Catholic priests and homosexuals, due to the lack of obvious heirs." Amory possesses the necessary sense of humor. His annotations are accurate and extensive. I found only one mistaken datum. It gives the birthdate of Diana Vreeland as 1924, which means that she became the editor of *Harper's Bazaar* at the age of 13. Indeed, wonders will never cease. □

*To Lord David Cecil: "I am a bigot and a philistine . . . and I feel you can't *hint* at God. You must either affirm or deny. . . . I can't think of a single Saint who attached much importance to Art, tho many enjoyed music and some wrote good poetry. . . . There are many people about who claim to love Picasso and Shakespeare and Dante and Mallarmé all at once and equally. I am afraid catholicism is the enemy of Catholicism."

Arabia, the Gulf, and the West
By J. B. Kelly
Basic, 530 pp., $25

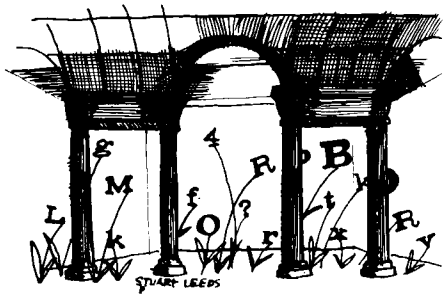
THE HABIT OF SURRENDER

BEN MARTIN

For just $25, J. B. Kelly will raise the hair on the back of your neck. His skills are extraordinary, especially rare among authors of books on his subject, oil pricing and Western policy in the Persian Gulf region. Eschewing academic-bureaucratic jargon, and relying instead on an historian's perspective, a thorough knowledge of the people and politics of the area, and an elegantly literate style, he has fashioned a distinctly unfashionable book that deserves a shelf of its own amidst the drearily myopic literature on the topic.

For 150 years, Britain interrupted the piracy, arms traffic, and slave trade traditional in the Gulf area, restrained the Russian surge southward, and protected Western access to the oil there as it became a strategic commodity. In the 1960s, the Labor government decided to leave first Aden and then the Gulf; the United States failed to take over the British role.

Marxist terrorists conquered Aden and seized control of the mouth of the Red Sea. The Iranians and the Saudis, long the most successful of the combatants on either side of the Gulf, resumed pressure on their neighbors. Joining other regimes sitting atop most of the world's known reserves, they subjugated Western oil companies, raised prices from $2 per barrel to more than $30, envassaled the strongest, most productive peoples on earth, and exacted from them, in just a decade and without opposition, more than a trillion dollars in tribute. Kelly's heresy lies in showing that the Western retreat was not inevitable; rather, the massive losses and crippling vulnerability which followed were predictable and therefore avoidable. Nor were the British forced out; they chose to go.



Most anguishing for an American is Kelly's account of talks in Tripoli and Teheran in 1970 and 1971, when the State Department failed to help the oil companies face down Qaddafi and the Shah on pricing. Thereafter, OPEC rulers dictated prices, profits, and production schedules, and the oil companies became their agents. Attributing these early crucial failures of the Nixon Administration simply to ignorance and incompetence should tax your fund of charitable impulses.

No physical incapacity, but rather a creeping infirmity of political will, led the West to these colossal follies. This "habit of surrender" followed upon the triumph of the official trans-Atlantic academic/journalistic/governmental orthodoxy which holds that the "energy crisis" is based on an oil shortage; that oil pricing is economics; that the Saudis are moderates; that the use of force by the strong against the weak is outmoded; that the tides of history have turned inexorably against the West, which is responsible for "Third World"

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backwardness, for which reparations are finally due; and that fabulous Arab wealth is good for business, anyway.

Here is Kelly on such "fashionable arguments": "All they served to demonstrate was how advanced was the palsy which owed its origin to a craven view of the world and of Britain's place in it. With a foreign policy that operated from a basis of fear, it is not to be wondered at that the hallmarks of British diplomacy of late years have been vacillation, self-abasement, and a profound yearning for 'peace in our time.'"

On the end of empire: ". . . due less to the might of the anti-colonialist forces than it was to the sapping of the European powers' will to rule."

On the civilizing mission: ". . . if Britain had employed the measure of severity necessary to subdue the inhabitants of South Arabia and cause them to abandon their age-old pursuits of rapine, slaughter, and brigandage, not to mention their cherished superstitions, tribal customs, and primitive social habits, she would have been execrated by enlightened opinion everywhere."

On the promise of democracy: "If the rule of the sultans was to be replaced, then it would have to be replaced by one equally, or even more, authoritarian; for the very nature of South Arabian society (primitive, violent, riven by tribal feuds) required the constant application of coercive power for its effective government."

On our moral debt to OPEC regimes: "One could argue with as much validity that the oil industry in the Middle East is virtually a gift from the West, that before the coming of the oil companies the Arabs and Persians knew neither what they possessed nor what to do with it if they had known, and that the discovery and exploration of their oil amounted to a charitable enterprise on the part of Western philanthropists. . . . the governments of Middle Eastern oil states have, without contributing a scintilla of effort, capital, or skill of their own, acquired vast fortunes and been treated by the rest of the world with gratifying deference."

On the incongruity of OPEC's triumph: "It is doubtful whether at any time in the history of mankind a group of intrinsically insignificant polities, at a comparatively primitive stage of economic, political, and social development, has possessed such enormous financial power as the handful of Gulf states now dispose of."

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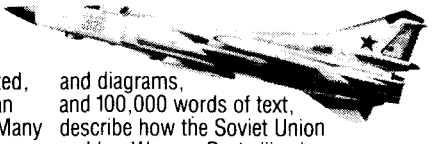

Is it true, as President Reagan has stated, that "we're in greater danger today than we were the day after Pearl Harbor?" Many Americans, and Europeans as well, are convinced that this is so—especially as the Cold War heats up in the Persian Gulf, Afghanistan, and Poland.

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On the rapidity of change: "The Gulf today is very much as it has always been—turbulent, backward, intrinsically unstable—and it is this instability which poses the greatest threat to Western interests in the region."

There is plenty on Persia, and just enough on Iraq, to understand the Shah's fall and the current fighting—about what you'd expect when delinquents are let loose in a gun shop. But Kelly's is more a preface to future wars than a primer on the present one; it is a unique and indispensable work. □

Malcolm Muggeridge: A Life
By Ian Hunter
Thomas Nelson, 270 pp., $13.95

SKEPTIC AND MYSTIC

ELLEN WILSON

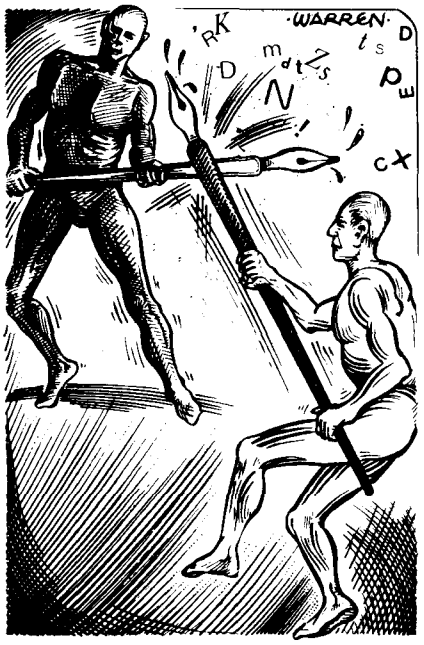
The temptation, in writing a biography of someone whose life has been spent as a "vendor of words," is to let the Life crowd out life, to permit the subject to be thrust aside by a method which makes use of him. Sometimes the method is historical—the biographee being treated as a microcosm of his times. Sometimes the method is "philosophical"; and here Muggeridge is certainly vulnerable, since he has spent much of his life in the service of ideas. Or then again, the biographer can choose the commercially successful method of stringing together anecdotes of the great and near-great who rubbed shoulders with his subject.

While any of these methods may produce interesting and occasionally profound results, none produces *biography*, and it is the special merit of this book that the author does indeed keep the focus on his subject. Ian Hunter is a Canadian lawyer who came to know Muggeridge as a "private person" over a number of years, and decided to set down what "I think of the man and his life." The virtue of this approach becomes clear when we look at his accounts of the biographical trouble-spots of Muggeridge's life—the seeming reversals and self-contradictions of opinion and belief which make Muggeridge's autobiographical writings, however illuminating in other ways, exercises in frustration for the logician.

Take, for example, the 1932-33 trip to Moscow as correspondent for the *Manchester Guardian*. Muggeridge's autobiography tells us that his eight months in Stalin's Russia blasted his naïve hopes of a Communist utopia. But Hunter finds evidence that Muggeridge was prepared—almost eager—to be disillusioned before he even set sail for Leningrad: "On the very eve of his departure, Muggeridge told A. J. P. Taylor: 'I am going to see Utopia, and I am sure I shall hate it.' " On the other hand, Hunter also notes that "Shortly after leaving Moscow, he described himself . . . as 'one who went to Russia eight months ago full of enthusiasm' for the Soviet regime."

What is the truth here? It is difficult to tell, but impossible to do so without taking into account, as Hunter does, Muggeridge himself. His personality, compounded of worldly skepticism and an almost mystical apprehension of life's ultimate goodness, is doomed to find all earthly utopias at best irrelevant and at worst evil, while at the same time being unable to relinquish faith in the mysterious working out of the world's purposes. Add to this his father's faith in Fabianism, and we begin to see how perhaps both versions of the winter in Moscow are true: the same Muggeridge who doubted all along may have been disappointed to find his doubts realized.

Or take the bewildering subject of Muggeridge's relations with God and Christianity. When did he begin to believe what? Ian Hunter draws on previously unpublished letters and diaries



to fill in some of the gaps, and these sources reveal that the private Muggeridge was as inconsistent as the public one. As a twenty-year-old student he wrote: "God has some destiny mapped; some work for me to do"; as a 22-year-old teacher in India, he shocked the college authorities by maintaining that Jesus was "a glorious revolutionary" rather than the founder of a religion. But neither theism nor agnosticism seems to have come easily to him. During the 1930s his diaries record almost daily vacillations between submission to God's will and outbursts such as "It is inconceivable to me now that I should ever believe . . . in a personal God." Even in 1958 he could write: "Christianity to me, is like a hopeless love affair. It is infinitely dear and infinitely unattainable. I carry its image with me always and look at it constantly with sick longing." Only in the mid to late Sixties could he admit to belief in the Incarnation and the Resurrection.

THE evidence may seem inadequate for the construction of a religious dateline, but it confirms the essential point: that Muggeridge is and has always been a religious man—at least in Pascal's sense, that whoever wishes to believe has already attained belief. As with the stay in Moscow, biographical truth surfaces only when contraries and seeming inconsistencies are brought together, rather than wished away.

Muggeridge's pursuit of faith was in one sense a case of spirit warring against spirit: the skeptic and the mystic, the chronicler of "news" and the pilgrim seeking the eternal, engaged in repeated border disputes. But for a long time there was a second front, where spirit warred against flesh—and spirit seemed destined for an unbroken series of defeats. In the 1930s, amid pitched battles of this sort, Muggeridge wrote the loosely autobiographical *In a Valley of This Restless Mind*, which conveys both the strength of the fleshly temptation and the ensuing revulsion whenever spirit was once again in a position to comment. Through his friend Hugh Kingsmill he adopted Blake's moral discrimination between acts of will and acts of imagination: lust he identified as the temporary triumph of will over imagination, a triumph morally deplorable because lust reduces its objects to undifferentiated suppliers of wants.

Of course, knowledge does not con-

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fer the capacity to act upon it; what was plain to Muggeridge even in his twenties proved difficult to put into practice. But everyone stumbles across original sin in his own way—discovers it cut, like a tailor-made suit, to his own shape and condition. Everyone finds himself, like Paul, doing again and again that which he would not do.

If I have neglected the public Muggeridge—his tours of duty on most of England's major newspapers, his term as editor of *Punch*, famous journalistic rows, and the like—it is not because Ian Hunter does so, but because he subordinates them to his subject. Those looking for a history of *Punch* or of twentieth century journalism will not find it here.

What they will find is a sensitive first biography of a man whose life is as complex as the events he chronicled. This is an "authorized" biography, but it makes no pretense of being definitive, and extensive tracts of Muggeridge's life are treated only in general terms. To write anything at all it is first necessary to exclude, to determine what not to write. Instead of tracking down train schedules and dinner menus and all the minutiae of daily existence, Ian Hunter concentrated on what "I think of the man and his life." And what Ian Hunter thinks of Malcolm Muggeridge is well worth reading. □

Whistle-Blowing! Loyalty and Dissent in the Corporation
Edited by Alan F. Westin
McGraw-Hill, 181 pp., $12.50

REASONABLE ERROR

JOSEPH SOBRAN

It is a good general rule, I think, when you hear the phrase "civil liberties," to reach for your wallet.

Most "civil libertarians" are simply socialists of one stripe or another, and their selection of "rights" is shaped by a strategy of enlarging, not diminishing, government. Affirming the "rights" of children—e.g., to abortions and contraceptives without their parents' consent or even knowledge—is a way of allowing the state (of New York or Massachusetts, say) to interpose between children and parents. And attacking the power of local government

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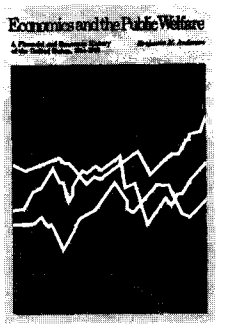

Economics and the Public Welfare
Financial and Economic History of the United States, 1914-1946

By Benjamin M. Anderson

"In the direct handling of economic life, governments are usually clumsy and ineffective. In economic life their main business should be that of a traffic cop, not that of a driver, and above all not that of a back-seat driver," says the author of this insightful history. The wisdom of his viewpoint is confirmed by Dr. Anderson's careful account of American financial and economic events beginning before World War I and ending with the Bretton Woods Conference after World War II.

Benjamin M. Anderson taught economics at Columbia, Harvard, and the University of California. He was an economist for the Chase Manhattan Bank and for many years edited the *Chase Economic Bulletin*.
Hardcover $10.00, Paperback $4.50

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to set local standards—e.g., in matters of pornography—is a way of increasing the direct subordination of localities to a central power. Finally, egging the courts on to strike down legislation in the name of inflated constitutional "rights" is a way of seeing that the central power rules with as little reference as possible to the will of the people as expressed through their elected representatives in the legislative branch.

So you wind up with a megastate, elicited by slogans of individual rights. The people we call civil libertarians (I'll dispense with the quotation marks) spend an almost unobserved, but nonetheless huge, portion of their energy trying to bring more and more of the private sector under the direct power of government. The American Civil Liberties Union has fought to force Catholic hospitals to lend their facilities to abortionists, to force a Catholic high school to reinstate a young Ku Klux Klansman, to force Oral Roberts University to abandon its health code. Note that all these institutions are not only private property but religious in their origins and ongoing purposes. The ACLU has sought to use the power of the state to force them to act in contravention of their own *raisons d'être*. That is why I for one regard the ACLU not as the defender but as the deadly enemy of civil liberties.

NATURALLY, then, it was with trepidation bordering on hysteria that I picked up Alan F. Westin's *Whistle-Blowing!* (subtitled *Loyalty and Dissent in the Corporation*). I'd have given odds this was going to be one more tendentious call for unqualified "rights" that would have the real (and intended, though not avowed) effect of turning corporations into a satrapy of the state.

I was, how do you say, wrong. In many respects the book is markedly sensitive to what it considers the just interests and rights of corporations. It does *not* use "corporation" as a dirty word, though the subtitle might lead you to expect that it would. It does *not* encourage loose accusations against greedy capitalists.

Nor does Westin, in his concluding essay, assume that the answer for the ills of corporations must be more and more government. He is imaginative enough to suggest private remedies, through unions, professional societies, consumer groups, and the like.

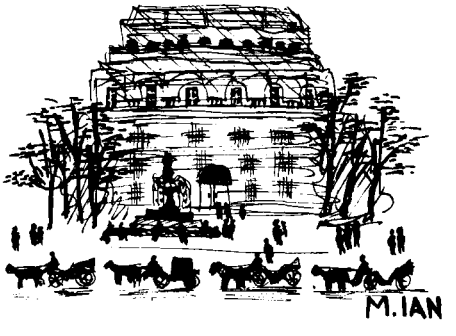
Not that I think he is right. He wants more government interference than is really proper. But most of the things he favors and I don't have already been established by law, at least in principle: employers can't generally let their employees go at will, even in the absence of a contract. And it is simply refreshing to find a liberal who really does want to think these things through on their merits and who is not at all possessed by the lust to expand regulation though it kill the regulatee.

The stories told in this book of corporate sin and the difficulties of exposure make for gripping and sometimes moving reading. Dan Gellert, a pilot for Eastern Airlines, tells of his fight to convince Eastern officials, including Frank Borman, that they were using a dud of a plane. When nobody within the company would listen, he went to the National Transportation Safety Board, then investigating the crash of an Eastern plane in Miami that killed 103 people. Eastern then began a harassment campaign against Gellert that finally resulted in his suing the airline for $12 million (he collected $1.6 million).

Other stories range from a nuclear power plant safety case to the sexual harassment of a secretary. Though of course a reviewer can't vouch for the fullness or accuracy of each story, they seem generally plausible. There is only one nagging difficulty.

That is that there are so many books like this, about abuses in the private sector, and so few about the sins of the public sector. Civil libertarians seem oddly uninterested in the way "affirmative action" has institutionalized a presumption against white males. The material injury, not to speak of the implications for the future, would seem to warrant the concern of those who are passionate about the rights and plights of individuals.

I don't know if it's fair to complain about a book like this, or any book, that it should have been a different kind of book. But if you can't say it in the course of a review, I don't know when you'll find occasion to say it. □



Floater
By Calvin Trillin
Ticknor & Fields, 204 pp., $9.95

THE REVIEWER SAYS NO

D. KEITH MANO

Q: Huh? You won't review this book? Why not?

A: Because I've got airballs t'say about it. Nothing: my mind is *The Living Desert*.

Q: Can *Floater* be that bad?

A: 'Course not. If it were bad I could ravage it and blow hydrogen sulfide smoke rings around: we'd all have a great piñata party. Negative book reviews're more fun than white-collar crime. No, *Floater* is okay. But, like Rust Hills once told me: on average the reviewer has something really significant t'say maybe twice in 15 books.

Q: Then why did you request *Floater*?

A: I never request a book. No reviewer should: pre-selection will induce pre-judgment. Your editor asks: "Want Updike or this blue baby by Sir John Frog, which we gotta review?" So right off the fix is in: either reverence or an Osterizer dial job: you know, puree, whip, grate, chop, grind, frappé. Reviewers should bump into a book: as if it were sudden landscape. Pure experience: no ancestors; no preconception.

Q: But Calvin Trillin has—

A: A fine reputation: *New Yorker*, *The Nation*, I know. Irrelevant: defense is leading my witness. The book, particularly the novel, has to represent itself without an agent. Or any advance work.

Q: And *Floater* doesn't?

A: Sure it does. Quite amusing here; somewhat overdrawn there. A bit forgettable. I enjoyed it. I enjoy most 204-page books. But why bull-shark you? Beyond that I've just got rancid fatback t'add.

Q: So you think book reviewing is a fraud?

A: No. There are two sorts of helpful book review. I useta do three-hundred-word jobs for the *New York Times Book Review*: those were the genuine

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headcheese. Say you enjoyed it or you didn't; give an impression of what its company for the evening would be like. Enough. But an author gets huffed—jerk that he is—by three, four hundred words. I could review *Ulysses* in that column-inching and do Joyce a favor.

Q: And the other kind?

A: Twelve to fifteen hundred words or more: not good but tolerable. When you're gonna discuss structure, character, theme—do some real term-paper *criticism*—about six hundred words' worth of dead landfill plot retelling will haveta be drained off first. John Leonard speaks about this. After all, if that scene between Martha and the dead parrot is so spectacular, we've gotta grab some background on Martha and her psittacosis. Which, as a common side-effect, usually quinines any feverish urge t'read the original text.

Q: What about a five- to twelve-hundred-word review?

A: Gizzard junk. It invariably ends up being about the reviewer's five-year-old daughter. Hell, he hasn't space enough to rehearse plot and he can't quit at three hundred because then he won't be paid. So he gases about some personal bête noire or blanc mange or baton rouge. Yet I'd guess that 75 per cent of reviews are commissioned at eight hundred or a thousand. Sheer fiberglas insulation.

Q: Is this a confession?

A: Oh, why not? For instance, my review of *The Pornographer* by John McGahern: that one still mortifies me.

Q: Was it a good book?

A: Sure. Sensitive. Hair-balanced prose. About a man and a woman and a misbegotten pregnancy. Excellent. Excellent. There you have it: one, two . . . 15 words. But I still had 785 left. I couldn't find anything wrong with *The Pornographer*: I couldn't find anything, period. Beautiful, you know, but unadventurous. There was no room for quotes and, by nature, the plot recapitulation would've been very subtle. So I hand-hammered out this *very* perceptive essay: on narrative voice, fiction within fiction, appearance and reality. Problem was, see: I didn't have wordage enough t'connect my critical jeté with McGahern. It all came out looking like armpit hair on an infant. The editor of this magazine, he always sends you a little blue postcard with kind remarks on it. Illegible remarks: but you know they're kind. For my *Pornographer* review he just wrote "Hmmmm?" Very

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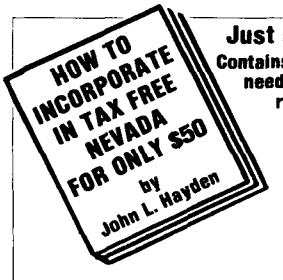

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legible. And that's what I said when I reread it in print six weeks later. So damn perceptive it was incoherent. But back then I didn't have kidney enough. Good book, I shoulda written, one of many good books, still—between you and me—I haven't got dip dirt t'say about it.

Q: So you recommend *Floater*?

A: No.

Q: But it's good.

A: Insufficient reason. This year I've already recommended Clark Blaise and George Dennison and Shostakovich: they're extraordinary: they gave me something t'say. *NR* readers are intelligent, but even they probably can't handle more than, oh, 12 to 15 books a year. *Floater* isn't worth that precious one-twelfth or one-fifteenth.

Q: Final suggestions?

A: In fiction, anyhow, *NR* should cut its standard review length to four hundred words. More authors would get space. The novels wouldn't get synopsized t'death. And reviewers might even have time t'write some books of their own.

Q: This non-review is now three words short of eight hundred.

A: No it isn't. □

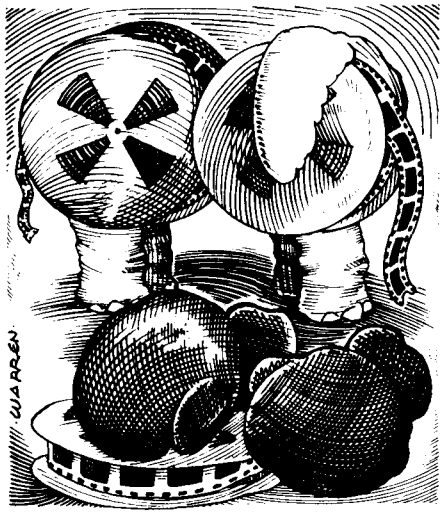
FILM

MEN OR BEASTS?

JOHN SIMON

The Elephant Man is a thoroughly bad movie, but its badness is nothing compared to its dishonesty. A title card announces that this film is based not on the Broadway play but on the true life story of John Merrick, the Elephant Man. This is a double lie: the film deliberately falsifies and sensationalizes the story by means of various shabby, unimaginative fabrications, and it does crib a number of not particularly distinguished conceits from Bernard Pomerance's play, *The Elephant Man*.

By now, most people will have heard about the case of John Merrick, a late-nineteenth-century English victim of neurofibromatosis, a congenital disorder, which hideously deformed most of his head, body, and limbs (his left arm and genitals were spared). He was cruelly exhibited in sideshows as far afield as



Belgium, and was rescued only when Frederick Treves, a brilliant and humane young surgeon, put him in London Hospital, Whitechapel, where his four last years were made tolerable. With the approval of Treves's superior, Carr Gomm, and thanks to the public's generous response to a plea for funds, Merrick could enjoy books and learn to speak despite dreadful impediments (Treves, in his 1923 memoir, called Merrick the most disgusting specimen of humanity he had ever seen). He became a sort of mascot of high society, whose members visited him and showered him with presents, and was even sneaked into his beloved theater—under heavy veils and through secret passages into a curtained box—thanks to the kindness of Madge Kendal, a leading actress of the day.

The monstrous, incurable, yet sweet-natured Merrick scored a noble victory for the human spirit; by the time he died, aged 27, in 1890, he had even built, with his good left hand, a fine model of St. Philip's, the church he could see from his window. Frequently Treves heard him say, "I am happy every hour of the day." And yet Merrick committed a kind of suicide. Because of the weight of his enormous head, he could not sleep in the normal way, but had to be propped up with pillows, his head resting on his knees. One night he chose to lie down to sleep; rupture or compression of his spinal cord made the sleep terminal.

This story that needs tact and taste in the telling was, unfortunately, produced by Mel Brooks, not known for either. Brooks entrusted its direction to young David Lynch, whose only previous credit is *Eraserhead*, a low-budget horror film. From Eraserhead to Elephant Man was obviously the shortest distance (even if not exactly a straight line) for Lynch and his co-scenarists, Christopher DeVore and Eric Bergren. As a result, we get a film shot in black-and-white, exploiting the seaminess of industrially blighted Victorian London, with a screenplay that is all melodrama and horror show.

To begin with, we are teased in every way with expectations of the monster until we are finally accorded a view of the wretch in his full ghastliness. (Good as the make-up is, incidentally, it still looks like make-up.) Then follows a concocted story fraught with fake reversals. Not only is Bytes, Merrick's initial keeper, a disgusting bully (derived, clearly, from the corresponding character in the play), but there is also another bestial fellow, a hospital orderly who sells nocturnal admissions allowing gawkers to inspect Merrick in his hospital room (lurid scenes of jeering and sexual arousal among the gapers)—even though one word from Merrick to Treves would have put an end to such a practice.

THE EVIL orderly is instrumental in Bytes's kidnapping of Merrick for further sideshow exhibition abroad; this gives Lynch a chance to play at being Tod Browning, with all the freaks pitching in to help Merrick narrowly escape from his tormentor. Then there is a ludicrous scene in which the orderly, unmasked by Treves, threatens physical violence, only to be comically knocked out by the crusty head nurse brandishing a well-stuffed laundry bag. Or take another hammy scene, in which the hospital board considers evicting Merrick from his shelter at the instigation of a nasty board member; at the last moment, in sweeps kindly Princess Alexandra and makes the vile fellow eat crow. Then there is the scene wherein Mrs. Kendal and Merrick read from *Romeo and Juliet* in his room (again derived from the Broadway play), with the English actress portrayed by Anne Bancroft, a/k/a Mrs. Mel Brooks, as a smug, smarmy American without a trace of Englishness.

But the nadir is reached when, shortly before his death, Merrick is shown relishing a Christmas pantomime in an open loge. This unfortunate, whose aspect, the film keeps telling us, made strong men blanch and trained nurses run in panic, mingles happily with fellow box-occupants, then receives a cur-

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Dark Horses

M. STANTON EVANS

THE BAD NEWS about *The Economics of Mineral Extraction* (Praeger, 521 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017) is that it costs $28.95. The good news is that it is the definitive work in print on the methods by which petroleum, natural gas, and other non-renewable resources are obtained from Mother Earth, the financial/technical constraints involved, and the impact on the process (largely negative) of official policies pursued in recent years.

The authors of the study—Gerhard Anders of the Ontario Ministry of Natural Resources, Representative W. Phillip Gramm, economists S. Charles Maurice and Charles W. Smithson of Texas A&M—are well versed in the economic aspects of the subject, and provide a great deal of technical and mathematical information that will be of interest to specialists in the field. However, they also translate their findings into everyday English, so that their specialized researches and conclusions are fully accessible to the unwashed masses.

Generally speaking, these experts tell us that: 1) despite the exhaustible character of the resources in question, there is no authentic "shortage" of them, nor can there be in economic terms; 2) the pricing mechanism, when permitted, will work its magic in this area as in others, calling forth increased supply in keeping with demand; and 3) mineral economics is distinctive in that the depletion of resources increases marginal costs and changes the mix of options confronting producers and consumers.

Along the way, the authors explain why proved reserves are not the totality of our mineral resources, how rising demand and price make increased supplies available and/or alternative sources economic, how increased scarcity and rising price reduce demand. In sum, a lucid picture of the manner in which the economic process generates supplies of energy and other non-renewable resources.

Conversely, the authors also demonstrate the fashion in which official policies—including price controls, environmental regulation, and conservationist pressures—adversely affect the economics of mineral extraction, decreasing supplies, increasing costs, and rendering disservice to consumers.

Also recommended for those who want to broaden their comprehension of such issues is *Energy in Transition: 1985-2010* (W. H. Freeman and Company, 660 Market St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; $24.95 cloth; $11.95 paperback), an official report to the Department of Energy, prepared by the Committee on Nuclear and Alternative Energy Systems of the National Research Council, a group associated with the National Academy of Sciences. This is probably the weightiest and most carefully drawn report on energy questions to come from an official body in recent years.

THE VALUE of this study, in addition to its prestigious auspices, is that the committee of experts conducting it, drawn from the academy, government, and industry, embraced a large cross-section of opinions on energy issues generally, nuclear power in particular. Yet it emerged with something close to a consensus that nuclear power (along with coal) is an essential bridge to the energy future, that the breeder reactor "dominates the nuclear alternatives over the widest range of assumed future circumstances," that nuclear power is, compared to other energy sources, safe and cheap, and that it is environmentally the most benign of all contemporarily practical forms of energy. "If breeder reactors were developed and used," the authors tell us, "the domestic nuclear fuel supply could last for hundreds of thousands of years."

As for waste disposal and other safety bugaboos, this study indicates that they are soluble technically, that the key constraints are institutional-political. Which is something you probably knew or at least suspected already, but may be glad to see confirmed by such renowned authorities. □

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tain salute from Mrs. Kendal—platitudes delivered by Miss Bancroft with a sickening smirk, vocal as well as facial—and gets a standing ovation from an audience that beams at him rapturously. Based upon the true life story of Hollywood hackery, this vulgar and mendacious film gained enthusiastic reviews from Pauline Kael and Vincent Canby, among others. Yet the very opening shot is a giveaway. Merrick used to remark that his mother must have been frightened by a circus elephant when she was carrying him. So Lynch begins his film with a sequence in which a pretty, well-dressed young woman—supposedly Merrick's mother—is weltering on the ground and silently screaming while a herd of wild African elephants tramples all around her, in slow motion, no less. Too good to waste on a mere prologue, this sequence returns at film's end.

John Hurt gives a sensitive and touching performance from behind his impenetrable Elephant Man mask, and Anthony Hopkins (Treves), John Gielgud (Carr Gomm), Wendy Hiller (head nurse), Freddie Jones (Bytes), and some others do the best they can with unrewarding material, while Freddie Francis's camera spews up moody chiaroscuro as if the film had been shot by flashlight. Wild elephants shouldn't drag you to this one.

What is Martin Scorsese's *Raging Bull* really about? Adapted from the ghosted autobiography of Jake La Motta, the ex-middleweight champion, by Paul Schrader and Mardik Martin (and revised by the director and his star, Robert De Niro), this is the story of a *bête humaine* who lives to pummel his opponents, in and out of the ring, to a pulp and to possess his fine-looking blonde wife, Vickie, body and soul. But even these two driving motivations are not truly examined. It is possible to interpret them in reverse– to view Jake's boxing as a kind of kinky sexual fulfillment, and his mad jealousy and brutalizing of his wife as the assertion of an ego and virility corroded by self-doubt.

There is no continuous story, only an accumulation of "big" scenes: brute meets girl, possesses and knocks around girl, loses girl. Brute wins fights, throws fight for the Mafia, is rewarded with crack at championship, wins title, loses title. Then, suddenly, a much fatter and jollier La Motta runs a nightclub in Florida, which he loses after he is jailed on a morals charge. Having been a comedian at his own club, he is shown now backstage at New York's Barbizon-Plaza as he rehearses a speech from *On the Waterfront*, which, along with selections from Shakespeare, Tennessee Williams, and others, as well as some comic doggerel, he is about to perform for an audience. Where did this new La Motta come from?

The film, though it revels in accurate reconstructions of the Bronx in the Forties, the ring, Mafia lairs, yesteryear's nightclubs, and the like, does not have any social statement to make. Thus Jake and his brother Joey– his manager, sparring partner, and mentor—are not shown in a full Italian family context: they seem to have no parents or in-laws, only wives and children; and even Jake's first wife disappears tracelessly when Jake gets involved with Vickie, and Jake and Vickie's children are conveniently out of the picture except for two token appearances.

Similarly the Mafia (which is never named) seems to enforce an ironclad rule on the ring it controls: unless Jake will throw a fight for the Brotherhood, he gets no shot at the title. Then how does an honest black as Sugar Ray Robinson, who wrests the championship from Jake, is portrayed– get the title without the Mafia's support? The way that particular bout is staged, it looks as if Jake were doing penance for something but for what? And what about the economics of the film? La Motta owns his Florida nightclub and a fancy house, but cannot raise $10,000 for his bail when he is caught serving liquor to two teenagers—and (though this, like much else, is fudged) presumably indulging in sex with them. Don't ex-champions have that much credit in a sports-happy society? *(To be continued.)* □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE SUCCESS AND FAILURE OF PICASSO, *by John Berger (Pantheon, 210 pp., $4.95).* Why is this acclaimed study of Picasso—published in 1965 and now reissued by Pantheon to meet the exhibition tidal wave—at once so refreshing and so disappointing? It is refreshing because Berger put his finger on a major flaw manifest in the supershow: since the ambivalent *Guernica* (1937), Picasso could find no subject matter other than his eroticism on which to expend his prodigious inventiveness. In his last decade, in fact, the major paintings were no more than pastiches of old-time masterpieces; the best drawings were merely self-pitying laments for his declining sexuality. What is disappointing in Berger's book is that this perception is never brought to bear on Picasso's *œuvre* as a whole. As an orthodox Marxist who is too sophisticated (as was Picasso himself) to stomach the banalities of Socialist Realism, Berger nevertheless spends an unconscionable number of pages justifying his hero's espousal of the Party, lamely comparing his intentions with those of such elitist Communist poets as Eluard, Aragon, and Césaire, and scoffing at the "proletarian" sentimentality of the Blue Period or the heavyweight Poussinesque ballerinas of 1921-23. Which leaves what to praise? Cubism, of course! And on that rock dear to all formalists, Berger's aesthetics cracks up, leaving him floundering in the sea of uncommitted purity with all the bourgeois critics he so despises. Poor Berger! If only he had applied his humanist principles to the obvious proposition that Picasso never *had* a philosophy involving more than his ego. Lacking, for example, Rembrandt's reverence for Christ or Goya's passionate commitment to man's freedom, Picasso existed ninety years without vision, producing just the kind of art his century demanded. SELDEN RODMAN

COME TO JUDGMENT, *by Alden Whitman (Viking, 373 pp., $14.95).* "A good obit is a lively expression of personality and character as well as a conscientious exposition of the main facts of a person's life," writes Alden Whitman, introducing this collection of 34 obits he wrote over the years for the *New York Times*. He is regarded by many as a master of the form; among other things, he was the first reporter to interview notables for their own obituaries. It is often stated that obit writing is the onerous task of a cub reporter, but cubs are never given such subjects as Whitman's; if he had wanted to show the true art of the obit, he might have selected librarians, Rotarians, little-known octogenarians. As it is, readers will pick up *Come to Judgment* not for its heralded style but for its huge subjects: Picasso, Chaplin, Albert Schweitzer. One could hardly write a bad obit with such rich material. But there is an art here, if only that of retelling a life in a few newspaper columns. The obits of Edmund Wilson and James A. Farley, to name but two, are model portraits. "Oh, well, no matter what happens, there's always death," wrote a confident Napoleon, and readers should realize that Whitman's mantle as Dean of Critical Obituarians is not entirely merited, and that, after all, obits frequently degenerate into eulogies and undertakers' garlands. Readers of this magazine would do well to skip the puffery on Norman Thomas, and especially that on Ho Chi Minh. JOE MYSAK

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LANGWORTH

(Continued from page 25)

emission controls and restoring high-octane leaded gas to fuel them.

Some observations: a) Tetraethyl lead has been reliably used to improve octane ratings for fifty years. A correlation between leaded gas and the public health is by no means established; in fact, it is disputed by such unlikely sources as the British Department of Health and Social Security. b) It takes 15 per cent more crude oil to manufacture unleaded gas than leaded gas. The exemption would simultaneously reduce our crude-oil consumption and encourage the sale of more efficient cars. c) State or local governments might apply emission standards if they are deemed warranted in problem areas.

2. *Dual speed limits.* Assuming the new Administration and the new, more conservative Congress make good the Republican promise to kill the federal speed limit, the several states might usefully create dual limits: say 55 mph for cars with EPA averages of less than 25 mpg; 70 for cars that average 25 mpg or above. License-plate badges could identify the fuel sippers. The sheer one-upmanship of legally shooting past a gas hog at 70 mph in an efficient car would get more people into compacts than all the federal agencies born and unborn.

3. *A real Detroit-Washington partnership.* Though auto sales are down worldwide, there is no crisis in the West German or Japanese car industry. The chief reason is that in those countries, government and industry are partners. General Motors executives wistfully refer to the Honda-Datsun-Toyota-Mazda-*government* combine as "Japan, Inc." As governor of California, Reagan used similar partnerships to solve fiscal problems, so we may look forward to something like that happening, finally, between Detroit and Washington.

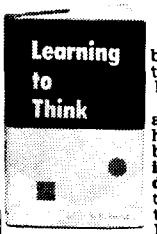
In April 1978, West German automakers *agreed*—mark that word—to reduce fuel consumption 10 to 12 per cent by 1985; to develop industry-wide norms for testing consumption; and to offer a gauge that measures fuel usage under various driving conditions. This was a voluntary concession. "Like much German government activity in business regulation, the pledge relies more on market forces than on enforcement," notes Larry Givens, editor of *Automotive Engineering*. "It can't happen here—for such agreement between U.S. automakers would bring down the wrath of the Justice Department."

Well, maybe it *can* happen here—now. One thinks not only of the vistas opening up to this new President, but of the new complexion of the legislative branch, including a Senate Judiciary Committee chaired not by Ted Kennedy but by Strom Thurmond.

4. *A world standard.* While the European Economic Community has now standardized a moderate emission level, it has ignored *every one* of the U.S. safety, emission, and fuel-mileage regulations. That is perhaps a commentary on how Carter and Co. were perceived; a competently conducted dialogue with our trading partners might result in closer agreement over just how safe, and how clean, automobiles should be. A world standard here would mightily benefit the American industry. With new and good Detroit compacts hatching like chicks these days, such an agreement could conceivably make us a great auto exporter—something we have never been, though we once assembled Fords overseas that were carbon copies of the domestic product.

The United States was the first geographically large country to build a world-class economy. We were able to build it because Henry Ford gave us affordable personal transportation with which to conquer our huge distances, and because a great industry sprang up in Ford's footsteps. President Reagan is no doubt besieged by people and causes crying for attention, but we can hope he won't forget those silent factories and long unemployment lines he saw in Detroit. The very best thing he can do now is talk to the many bright Americans in the auto industry, who know that without affordable personal transportation, prosperity is unattainable in the United States. □

LEARNING TO THINK



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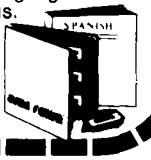

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

BILLY BLAIR

My Favorites

I overheard my wife saying to our youngest: "This year at Christmas, honey, we'll be visited by a jolly fellow with a big bag over his shoulder"; which means to me my son will be home from college with his laundry!

(Title supplied: actual title *My Favorite Jokes.*)

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Reagan the Pragmatist?

On The Right

New York, Dec. 20—The Reagan Administration should make a fundamental decision, philosophical in nature. We are poised in America for only a very short period of time, measured in historical stretches, when the opposition is at once weak, and curious. The managing editor of *The New Republic*, the principal tablet-keeper of orthodox liberalism, said the other day, in effect, that conservatives have been saying this-and-that for ever so long, why not go ahead and let them run the country for a while, and see what happens?

THAT empirical spirit is interesting both because it is organically American ("if it works, it's good"; "nothing succeeds like success"), and because pride is a hugely important factor in the operation of governments, which after all are run by human beings. The Catholic Church asks of converts something called "internal assent." I.e., belief in the Christian Credo utterly uncoerced. Religion cannot, really, ask for less; but politics can. It is one thing to say to John Kenneth Galbraith: I want you to *applaud* the abolition of the minimum wage because its abolition will result in a diminution of unemployment and in generally improved economic circumstances. It is something entirely different to say to John Kenneth Galbraith: We're going to go without minimum wage for a stretch. Go ahead and ventilate your skepticism. But please try not to be obstructionist. Give us a chance—and four years from now we'll have a look at the situation, and see if there is any improvement. Fair enough?

Ronald Reagan, in his first State of the Union address, can ask Congress to experiment with deep therapy. He can do so most persuasively not by asking for internal assent, but by asking for a renewal of the pragmatic spirit. Unlike Franklin Delano Roosevelt, who confronted a Congress he entirely dominated, Reagan confronts a House of Representatives organized by the Democratic opposition; and, in the Senate, there are a great many single players. The courts, moreover, are less malleable than they were even for Roosevelt. The Supreme Court gave him problems, and he tried to pack it, a piece of constitutional tinkering some people compare with Nixon's Watergate, to the disadvantage of FDR; and, eventually, got himself a Court that would go along. Reagan will have to deal with the courts in order to effect some of the reforms most greatly needed. But the key to the projected operation is: "Let's Try It"; not, "We Were Right All Along."

Milton Friedman stakes his considerable reputation on the proposition that if all taxes were reduced to a top level of 25 per cent, the revenues of the government would in fact increase. Not two, three years down the line, which is what Kemp-Roth promises us in the form of "flowback." Instantly. Because, says Friedman, there are 31 million Americans paying more than 25 per cent tax on their top dollar, and these Americans are busily engaged in activity whose only motivation is to seek tax relief. Some work less; some invest in tax shelters; some engage busily in the growing underground economy, avoiding the IRS altogether.

Why not ask Congress, in the spirit of experimentation, to try this? Because it will help only the well-to-do? No: because it will help America. Assuming Professor Friedman were entirely wrong, which is entirely inconceivable, you are risking only 13 per cent of existing revenues, which is approximately the same as a typical Carter-year deficit. But if Friedman is right, and logic is on his side, the reform could have wonderful repercussions.

Remember Great Britain, Argentina, Chile. Mrs. Thatcher's tax reforms have been insufficient to generate the kind of economic motion needed. Argentina's gifted economic czar has moved so slowly, inflation continues; in Chile, by contrast, it is very nearly arrested.

And if, in four years, the economic climate is not dramatically improved, why, the taxes can be reintroduced, can they not? We are not asking Congress to shift the axis on which the planet rotates. This (about which more in due course) should be the line: Reagan the Pragmatist. □

REAGAN AND BUSING

New York, Dec. 29—Further on the matter of a program for the Reagan Administration based on a pragmatic exercise in principles primarily identified with conservatism. Consider: forced busing.

A brief synopsis. The Supreme Court of the United States ruled, in the *Brown* decision of 1954, that statutory segregation of the schools was unconstitutional. The decision was for a decade or more interpreted as outlawing segregation by race, color, or creed. But when the various civil-rights bills were passed, the courts interpreted them as, in effect, decreeing desegregation. Now, segregation, under *Brown*, was by this point acknowledged as unconstitutional where a) decreed by state law; or b) contrived by busing. In desegregated areas, in short, it was clearly illegal to round up black students in order to send them to one school, and round up white students in order to send them to another.

But the courts took that, and ran with it. What they have been saying now, for ten years or so, is that if a school is primarily white or primarily black, the school district has the responsibility of finding students of complementary race, and shipping them in, so as to assure that schools are biracial. The effects of that decision have outraged parents who have no objection to biracial education, but strenuous objections to sending their children in many cases over extended distances, moreover to schools conducted without

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any reference to the supervisory standards parents exercise over neighborhood schools.

Now, although the polls show that forced busing is unpopular with whites (the figures are: 72 per cent to 9 per cent) and with blacks (the figures are: 56 per cent to 35 per cent), many black leaders interpret the call to end forced busing as motivated primarily by a surreptitious anxiety to resegregate; and the issue has, unhappily, drifted over toward ideological divisions. Such is the moral authority of the courts that many congressmen are afraid to act, notwithstanding the clarity of their mandate.

So: How might a Reagan Administration confront the matter pragmatically?

1. Mr. Reagan should recommend to Congress that it pass a bill removing from the federal courts, effective immediately, jurisdiction over the racial composition of schools, excepting only cases where there is evidence of segregationist activity by a civil authority.

2. Mr. Reagan should recommend to Congress a constitutional amendment outlawing the use of any racial discrimination in the public schools. In doing so, Congress and the states would, in effect, find themselves revalidating the edict of the Supreme Court in the *Brown* decision. Moreover, the amendment would harmonize with crystallizing philosophical opinion that to encourage, indeed to prescribe, racial standards in the composition of the schools is to underwrite a form of racism which, however benevolent the intention, writes into law inequality by reason of race.

BUT THE purpose of the double thrust is precisely to emphasize the empirical approach. It takes a while for constitutional amendments to make their way through the legislatures of the states, unless they have to do with the reconstitutionalization of booze, in which event the delays are minimal. But the advantage here to the Reagan Administration is: 1) instant relief from juridical interference with parental authority, combined with 2) the opportunity, over a considerable period, for the states to meditate whether they wish to affirm racial equality by constitutional action. If during the first year or two or three that the proposed constitutional amendment is making the rounds, the public experience is that segregationists have discovered loopholes the effect of which is to deny biracial education where residential patterns make this logical—then the constitutional amendment can fail for insufficient support in the states; and Congress can return to the courts the authority it took from them.

The other possibility is that a) predominantly white schools will improve; b) predominantly black schools will improve; and c) more biracial education will result from the cessation of that flight from the public schools so notorious in the nation's capital. Moreover, the release of racial tension brought on by the congressional initiative could test the suspicion, for which there is considerable scholarly evidence, that busing has in fact enhanced racial friction rather than racial understanding. But once again, President Reagan would be in a position to say: Let's try it. Let's see what happens. □

DID YOU EVER HAVE THE CLAP?

New York, Dec. 18—My brother the excellent columnist and formidable investigator William Safire has written a curious piece concerning the Ethics in Government Act of 1978. This monstrosity, for those who are unaware of it, demands of anyone who wishes to be considered for a government post that he complete a questionnaire so preposterous, so comprehensive, as to inquire whether you have ever been fined more than $25 for a traffic violation. (As usual, with federal forms, there is no provision for indexation.) My favorite question is: "Have you ever been publicly identified . . . with a particularly controversial national or local issue?" If I were filling out the form, I'd be required to set down, "Yes, I was for Ronald Reagan for President."

Mr. Safire advertises himself as a "privacy nut," but then he turns around and says that anyone who proposes to situate himself in a public position ought not, in particular, to object to disclosing the whole of his economic situation. And then, in what is surely one of the most startling gestures in modern journalism, Mr. Safire discloses his own portfolio. As usual, he is altogether fetching in the way in which he does so. I.e., "My income is from my *Times* salary, tedious lectures at $8,500 a crack, and royalties on a scholarly dictionary and a steamy novel." A normal reader (which excludes me), seeing such lines, would surely think: Gee whiz! Mr. Safire can make $8,500 giving just one lecture! Wow! And a *tedious* lecture! Wow! Wonder what he charges for a *non*-tedious lecture? And what a versatile guy. He writes scholarly dictionaries. And sexy novels. Besides writing columns for the *New York Times*!

Not only does Mr. Safire reveal thus much about himself, he itemizes his holdings, listing the stocks and bonds he owns, and disclosing even that he is involved in a "cockamamie real-estate deal." By the time you have finished, you are entitled to conclude that Mr. Safire is out to win another Pulitzer Prize for investigative reporting. I can't think of any other person in the United States who could have found out as much about Mr. Safire's economic situation as he did.

Privacy nuts can, and usually do, move in slightly different directions. Someone, many years ago, was so idiosyncratic as to suggest to the Chamber of Commerce that I be named among the ten Young Men of the Year, or whatever that designation calls itself. The next thing I knew, I received a form letter from the Chamber of Commerce advising me that in order to qualify, I would need to apply for the award. I answered that one applies for such things as jobs, wives, salvation, passports, and Social Security: hardly for honors.

THE POINT touches on the difficulties Mr. Reagan is evidently having. It is one thing to ask someone well situated, earning a living, leading his own life, living where he wishes to live, to drop it all and move to Washington to help the Reagan Administration and, one supposes, the Republic; something else to ask such a man to disclose in garish detail his entire financial history, the causes he has espoused (if controversial), and, one supposes, whether he has ever had a social disease.

I do not have the full text of the Ethics in Government Act in front of me, and wonder whether it extends to the poet requested to read before the Inaugural Address? I would love to see Mr. Reagan, on January 20, designate Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn for that honor (his prose qualifies as poetry), but it is staggering to think how long it would take him to fill out that form. Seven years in Gulag is a good stretch past that $25 exemption for traffic offenses the bureaucrats so grandly waive.

I have heard men who occupy the highest posts in government complain about the virtual certitude that there are several moles high in government: i.e., Soviet spies. We haven't rooted them out, and every time we step up our security procedures, the ACLU howls about the invasion of privacy. But it's okay to take the president of General Electric and make him fill out a form divulging past association with ideological heresies. Bill Safire says it's okay. I say it's spinach. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. An agency of Department of Health & Human Services — 2 49 62 67 71 91 107 114 119 146 183

B. Not happy — 22 35 51 136 152 164 198 30 76 73

C. One way to get from N.Y. City to Washington, D.C. — 55 21 78 81 3 52 109

D. A kind of railroad car or vessel — 6 134 59 120 154

E. This does not have to be loyal to the administration — 66 24 153 171 191 38 13 48 125 72

F. Means of punishment for dishonest brokers? — 74 9 26 41 94 115 151 161 180 184 192 39 54 70

G. A new governmental department in Washington, D.C. — 82 53 127 123 98 23

H. Word derived from surname of an Italian physicist — 102 140 187 88

I. Occasion when voters choose their servants — 4 12 20 27 61 68 90 7

J. One who tries to influence legislators, not necessarily in an illegal way — 137 195 65 33 124 188 46 143

K. What one governmental department in Washington deals with — 147 25 60 190 47 177 128 203 105

L. Obnoxious — 160 193 32 95 50 85 144 117 99

M. What much present political activity by minorities of minorities is — 173 93 96 100 169 181 200 19 89 77

N. Certain uncooked food eaten by Japanese — 199 87 163 129 185 142 166

O. Parts of the face — 28 64 69 80 84 5 17

P. Important fuels nowadays — 40 79 165 111 182 194 189 148 86

Q. What an independent voter is — 97 101 174 149 18 29 138 37

R. What 1 University Place, New York City, is — 168 8 156 122 133 145 155 179 204 10 31 43 56

S. What one governmental department in Washington deals with — 11 83 104 16 139 58 92 130 34 110 118

T. Author of *The Summer of Decision* — 14 202 36 197 157 121 103 63

U. Huge — 45 112 201 175 150 158 106

V. Round at both ends and high in middle — 116 131 159 172

W. The Greek goddess of fate — 126 132 44 178 162 113 170

X. A merchandising area with lots of parking places — 176 15 42 75 108 1 141 57 135 167 186 196

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 54 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

■	■	■	1 X	2 A	■	3 C	4 I	■	5 O	6 D	■	7 I	8 R	9 F	■	10 R	11 S	12 I
13 E	■	14 T	15 X	16 S	17 O	■	18 Q	19 M	20 I	21 C	22 B	23 G	■	24 E	25 K	26 F	27 I	28 O
29 Q	30 B	■	31 R	32 L	■	33 J	34 S	35 B	36 T	37 Q	38 E	39 F	40 P	■	41 F	42 X	43 R	44 W
45 U	46 J	47 K	48 E	49 A	50 L	51 B	■	52 C	53 G	54 F	■	55 C	56 R	57 X	53 S	59 D	60 K	61 I
62 A	63 T	64 O	■	65 J	66 E	67 A	68 I	69 O	70 F	■	71 A	72 E	73 B	■	74 F	75 X	76 B	77 M
78 C	79 P	80 O	■	81 C	82 G	83 S	84 O	85 L	86 P	87 N	88 H	89 M	90 I	91 A	■	92 S	93 M	94 F
95 L	■	96 M	97 Q	98 G	99 L	■	100M	101Q	102H	103T	104S	105K	106U	107A	■	108X	109C	110S
111P	112U	113W	114A	115F	■	116V	117L	118S	119A	■	120D	121T	122R	123G	124J	■	125E	126W
127G	■	128K	129N	■	130S	131V	132W	■	133R	134D	135X	136B	137J	138Q	■	139S	140H	141X
142N	143J	144L	145R	146A	147K	148P	149Q	150U	151F	152B	■	153E	154D	155R	156R	157T	158U	159V
160L	161F	162W	■	163N	164B	■	165P	166N	167X	168R	169M	■	170W	171E	172V	173M	■	174Q
175U	■	176X	177K	178W	179R	180F	181M	182P	183A	■	184F	185N	186X	187H	188J	189P	190K	191E
■	192F	193L	■	194P	195J	196X	197T	198B	199N	200M	■	201U	202T	203K	204R	■	■	■

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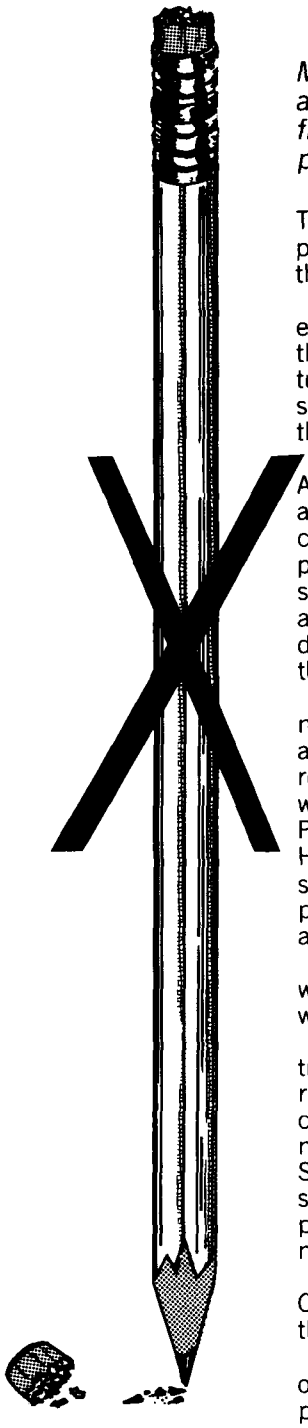
The pencil problem—1990



Monte Throdahl is senior vice president for Monsanto. He recently addressed a Washington, D.C., conference on toxics control. The following is extracted from his prepared text. He describes it himself as "an exaggeration to the point of outrage." That it may be. But it does make a point.

This is the story of the U.S. pencil industry. Remember, we are looking back from our vantage point of 1990. It's strange to think that, back in 1979, just anyone could use a pencil any way they wanted to.

You see, it all started when the Occupational Safety & Health Act carcinogen policy went into effect. The graphite in the pencil leads always contained a residue of crystalline silica. And there was at least one animal test and an in-vitro test indicating that crystalline silica produced tumors, so the material became regulated as a carcinogen. There was no alternate for pencils, so exposure had to come down almost to zero. Workers were put into protective clothing, and that solved the problem initially.

But then the Environmental Protection Agency, acting under the Clean Air and Clean Water Acts, which soon had their own carcinogen policies, required drastic reductions in emissions and effluents. The control technology was quite expensive, and only the largest manufacturers could afford it. This caused a flurry of antitrust suits in the early '80s when there were only three pencil makers left in the country. One of the three was split into smaller companies, but they soon went out of business since they were unable to afford increasingly stringent workplace and pollution control requirements. Then foreign pencil manufacturers began to threaten to dominate the pencil market, and our government, in an abrupt about-face, allowed a merger of the two remaining companies to meet overseas competition.

The Consumer Product Safety Commission then became concerned with what the newspaper headlines were calling the "pencil problem." Rubber erasers could be chewed off and choke small children. The sharp points of pencils could also be dangerous. There were residual solvents in the paint used on pencils, and pencil-chewing seemed to be a more widespread habit than anyone had realized. Printing a legend on each pencil that said: "This Pencil Could Be Hazardous To Your Health," did not seem to affect consumer pencil habits, a Harvard study indicated. In fact, the study found additional potentially harmful uses, such as stirring coffee. This led FDA to declare that harmful substances could be dissolved out of the pencil into the coffee, and thus pencils violated food additive laws, including the Delaney amendment.

Trying to salvage its business, the pencil company began making pencils without paint, without erasers, and with only soft leads so they would not hold a sharp point. But consumers were outraged, and sales declined.

Then someone invented a machine that could measure crystalline silica below the part-per-trillion level, and workplace, air emission, water effluent, and waste disposal regulations required that the best practicable technology be used to reach this low level. The pencil company was threatened with financial ruin because of the large sums needed to purchase new control equipment. There were those that wanted to ban pencils entirely under the Toxic Substances Control Act, but the government decided that pencils were necessary, particularly since they were used to write new regulations. Besides, the Senators from the state where the pencil company was located declared that pencils were as American as baseball, and should not be replaced with ball-point pens.

So the government bailed out the pencil company with a large, guaranteed loan—called a Chrysler loan in those days. But, of course, that was only a temporary measure, and to protect the pencil business, the government eventually nationalized it.

It is comforting to know, after all, that society is being protected against a danger that was so obvious we didn't even notice it for many, many years. There are still those who complain about paying $17 for a pencil, but you really can't put a price tag on health or safety.

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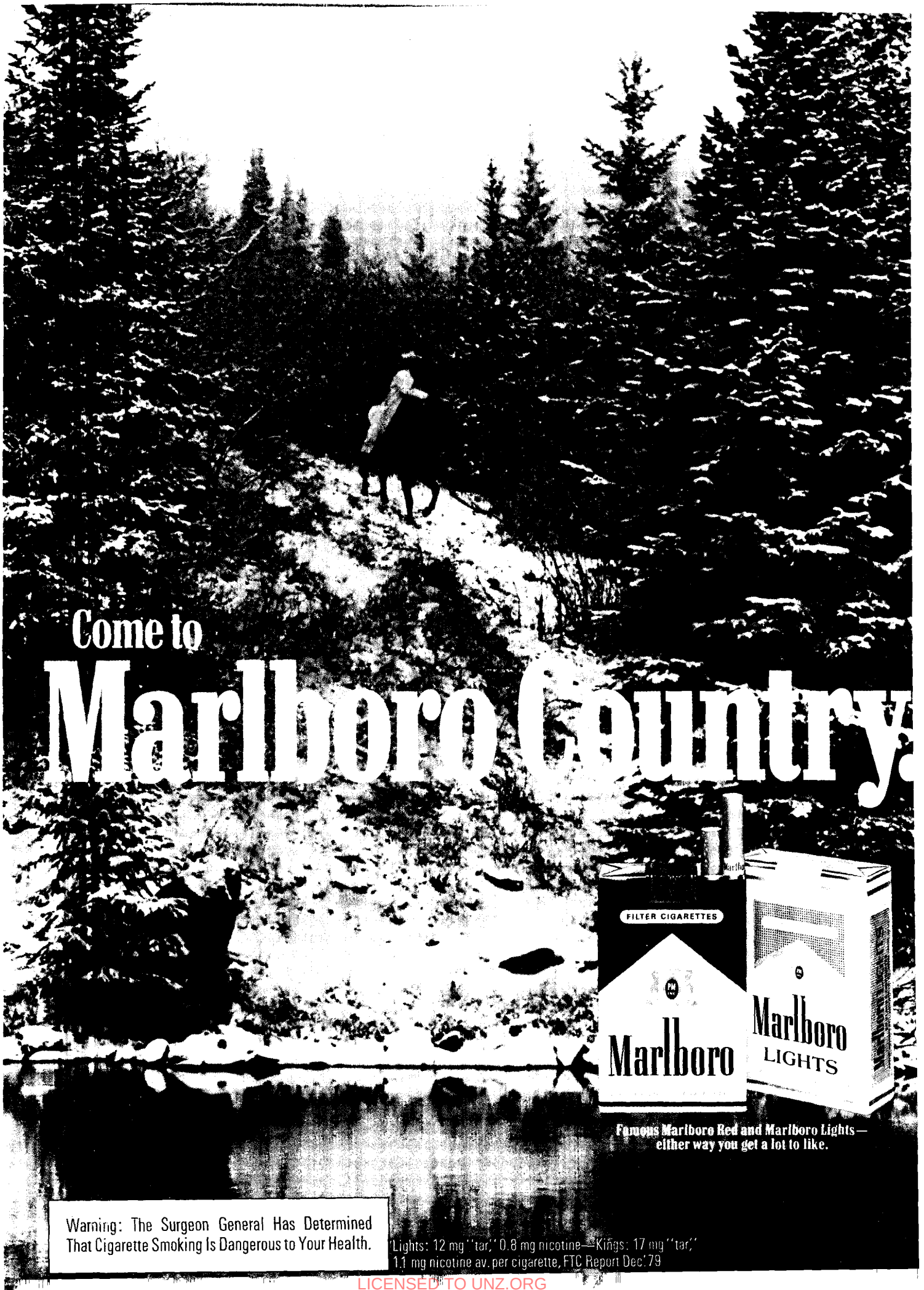
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